

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1861.

OLD IDEAS IN OLD WORDS, OR QUOTATIONS.

BY REV. ROBERT ALLYN.

IN a former paper upon translations a remark I was incidentally made concerning "quotations." These have always been popular with the cautious, the candid, and the inquisitive, and no one can deny that they serve a very useful purpose. Their nature and much of their force will at once appear to one who considers the origin and meaning of the term by which they are known.

Quotation is derived from the old Anglo-Saxon verb "*queth*," meaning to say or tell, and will mean "the thing which he says;" and this *he* is generally some one well known and believed to possess authority on account of his knowledge or wisdom. Now, what can be more natural, or even more graceful, than thus to introduce into one's own remarks, in defense of his opinions, the words and thoughts of another? He thus adds to the force of his own sentiments the authority, firstly, of numbers—not a small weight many times; secondly, the power of long-continued experiment and observation—a thing of vast moment often; and, thirdly, the influence of greater seeming caution, and more careful research. There are other advantages attending quotations not necessary to be enumerated here; the above are sufficiently important and obvious to sustain the assertion that quotations are both graceful and useful, and to prove that they will always be favorites among authors and speakers, and that readers, too, will admire them and reckon them indications of study, refinement, and a genteel acquaintance with what has been said on the same or on similar topics by the most celebrated men of the world.

An impression often prevails that quotations

VOL. XXI.—9

betray a lack both of originality and patient thought, and, also, that they are unfavorable to an accurate and thorough digest of the subject-matter in hand. The contrary, however, is by far more apt to be the truth. Originality is a thing about which men prate, and which they make a pretense to demand of every author and speaker who would appear before the public. But, after all, this is little better than a very flimsy pretense. The people do not want originality in its current sense, namely, of newness or *firstness*, meaning thereby that which springs from nothing, and, therefore, hangs from itself alone. But they do like freshness and naturalness, and are content to admire every thing that is built according to the true principles and laws of taste and sound judgment, no matter whence the materials have been derived, provided always they are honestly gotten. They will admire a palace at Rome, built of the scattered blocks of marble, which were hewn twenty centuries ago, and first used to make a villa for some magnificent senator, and which lay for a thousand years in a confused mass on the side of the Aventine Hill, quite as much as if the architect had gone to the quarries and cut and polished each separate stone for its special place in the modern edifice; and it is not too much to say that many will admire even more that skill which can make the labor of men, twenty centuries ago, wrought for another purpose, and with an altogether different design, available for the present advantage of the human race. In a case like this now named there is no lack of originality. The new palace is a creation, although it is made out of materials before used, but now useless, unless adapted to some modern purpose. This is but making practical application of the labors of other ages for the good of the present. So quotations may be considered blocks of thought quarried in the mines of philosophy and specula-

tion, by the labors and investigations of the giants of other days, who had leisure and patience to give them the highest polish, and who were not afraid to adopt the sentiment of the modern poet, who is by no means afraid to quote, or even to copy, the ideas of others:

"In the days of elder art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each unseen and hidden part,
For the gods see every-where."

These thoughts were long ago built into treatises and systems, which the ravages of time have overthrown, and their ruins are now ready to be used by any one who now has the ingenuity to select and apply them to his own modern purposes.

Quotations do not, by any means, imply a want of diligent reading, or a lack of industrious thought; for many times their use shows the quoter's diligent reading and the inclination and force of his talents and genius better than any thing else could have done. In the old Greek story, Achilles, in woman's garments, was discovered by what he chose from the peddler's pack; and so the special bent and disposition of a man's mind can be better learned by what he will select from the writings of others than by what he will write of his own motion.

The elder D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, gives a very readable article on this topic of quotations, made up very much of selected thoughts and opinions of great wisdom, quoted from noteworthy authors, on the usefulness, the lawfulness, the beauty, and the force which such quotations bear with them. He says: "It seems agreed that no one would quote if he could think; and it is not imagined that the wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be preserved by quotations. The well-read may quote from the delicacy of taste and the fullness of their knowledge. Whatever is felicitously expressed risks being worse expressed; it is wretched taste to be gratified with mediocrity when the excellent lies before us. To make a happy quotation is a thing not easily to be done. Cardinal du Perron used to say 'the happy application of a verse from Virgil was worth a talent,' and Bayle, perhaps too much prepossessed in favor of this art, has insinuated that there is not less invention in a just and happy application of a thought found in a book than in being the first author of that thought."

Quotations are, notwithstanding many seem to despise them, always esteemed by the wise and the learned. Does any one ask for proof?

What means that most useful, that most pleasing and instructive practice of the preacher who expounds in his sermons many and kindred texts

of Scripture? Is any man in the pulpit heard with so much pleasure as he who is able happily to quote appropriate passages from the word of God, and to found appropriate remarks and suggestions upon them? If ministers of the Gospel would return to the practice of the old Fathers of the early Church—and the practice it was of the English Reformers—of quoting verses from the word of life bearing on the subject in hand, and of making judicious comments on them, they would find not only additional interest given to their own preparations for their Sabbath ministrations, but their hearers would experience a new sensation, and find an ever-growing delight, also. But this quotation of Scripture must be something more than a mere naming of the book, chapter, and verse, together with the exact word of Divine writ. It must, also, be something more than a process of skillfully dovetailing together gems of Scripture truth, so many of which are scattered on almost every page of the Bible, fit to adorn any topic and give it interest if rightly introduced. To quote a passage of Scripture to good purpose will demand or imply a large amount of Biblical reading, as the very lowest qualification. One who would do it well must have read the whole word, not only once with great attention, but with such reiteration that he shall know the connection of the context and the general design and bearing of the whole passage. Then the passage quoted should be exactly in keeping with the design and spirit of not only the sermon, considered as a whole, but of the particular part in which it is introduced; and it should be the word of God himself, and not of a man, given by some inspired penman as a mere fact in the history of the times. It should be a passage that has a definite and incontrovertible sense, and should, if possible, be used in that sense; and it should never be introduced merely for the sake of displaying a quotation, however beautiful and elegant. Unless this is the case, it will but serve to remind all hearers of the orator or play-actor, who, either in words or in appearances, says constantly to his readers or hearers: Now, I am going to be elegant and pathetic, or sentimental and witty, and would, therefore, defeat the whole purpose in view. But when such quotations are made as they should be the remark above cited from Cardinal du Perron will be, by no means, considered extravagant if applied to a verse of Scripture introduced into the preacher's discourse. Sermons thus made will possess an interest and even an instructive force far above those made in the mere essay form, commencing and proceeding with the author's own words and sentences. They are like skillfully-wrought mosaics, which please for the reasons that they pre-

sent good pictures, and, also, because they exhibit the patience and skill of those who manufacture them from diversely-colored gems and precious stones. Such sermons, exhortations, and prayers, have always been most effective for spreading the Redeemer's kingdom among men, and for bringing sinners to the foot of the cross. The Bible was given to man for this purpose, among others, that it might be to the soldier of the cross the grand storehouse of all weapons, both for attack and defense, to the end of time. A happy man and a successful minister is he, who can and will draw from this well-filled arsenal the sharp-pointed arrows to fasten in the hearts of the King's enemies. The ancient Fathers of the Church, during the first four or five hundred years of the Christian era, were very abundant in their quotations; and this fact now forms one of the very strong incidental evidences for the truth of our holy religion, and proves that our present holy books were from the beginning held to be the inspired word of God, given to be man's only sufficient guide to salvation. They thus began a practice which has greatly edified the Church in all ages, which, it is to be hoped, will never cease to be popular, and which has always inspired the hearts and souls of believers. It is like recalling those well-remembered strains of music, which, in other and brighter days, filled the mind with delight and thrilled the spirit with love.

This practice of quoting is not of less importance to the lawyer or legislator, for he is, even more than the minister, governed by precedent and authority. He must cite cases previously cited by judicial councils; he must refer to principles established by competent authorities, and accumulate opinions advanced by learned and judicious expounders. This hunting up of precedents and opinions, this ransacking for authorities and antecedents, forms the whole, or nearly the whole, of the labor of the lawyer in preparing his case, and it is by no means a small and insignificant work. His plea, to which his client listens, is frequently no more than a skillful combination of these authorities and opinions, strung together artistically by means of a few sentiments of his own, often used on other occasions and for different purposes. The judge never allows himself to be influenced by the glowing rhetoric of the advocate. The quoted authorities alone are his dependence, and by them his opinion is governed. The legislator, when he undertakes to expound the doctrines of the Constitution of his country, must be a very diligent and careful quoter. He has, like a judge in a court of equity, some liberty to refer to the great and universal ideas of right, truth, and justice; but even in his

references to these he must keep constantly in view the opinions concerning them in other ages. Hence, the debater in Congress, who can with most appropriateness and force quote the maxims and opinions of early times, will generally be most successful.

Quotation is not less useful and necessary to the critic. For all his rules and judgments must, at last, be referred to and rest upon the common decisions of mankind, and appeals to these can only be sustained after opinions have been cited, which prove that facts are in accordance with what the critic would claim. He has, to be sure, a much larger liberty of appeal to the principles of a transcendental philosophy; but if this has never been previously seen, or the want of it felt by Plato and Aristotle—by Bacon or Descartes—by Kant or Cousin—the world will be sure that this new critic is not only a visionary but a deceiver. In short, nothing—science or art, law, legislation, or religion—could have a sure and certain foundation, unless there could be more or less quoted as the basis of proof and assurance, that others have been feeling the same wants, thinking the same thoughts, relying on the same intuitions and principles, and enjoying the same sentiments as we now feel and enjoy—as we now think and have confidence in.

Another kind of quotation, quite as popular among literary men as are Scripture quotations among the pious, come from the Latin and Greek classic authors. These have a value and a beauty derived from two sources. They have been read and loved by thousands for thousands of years, and they have also been condensed and polished to the highest degree of perfection. They are, therefore, valuable as having been prized by multitudes, and because they contain the greatest amount of wisdom in the smallest imaginable compass. Cicero delighted to cite the ideas of Plato, and, perhaps, even to repeat them in their original Greek words. Others of the ancients did the same; more, however, among the Romans than among the Greeks.

But the time when quotations from the ancient classics were most fashionable, was from the revival of learning in the fourteenth century down to the close of the seventeenth. During these four centuries the classic authors of Greece and Rome were the great repositories of learning, and the chief business of much authorship was to comment upon and quote from them; and even since our own English literature has obtained a permanent and acknowledged place in the great republic of letters, it has been considered graceful and forcible to refer by allusions and quotations to the noble thoughts and polished words of the best thinkers, and most care-

ful speakers of the ancient worlds. The early essayists, whose writings have obtained almost the same rank among mere English scholars that the works of Plato and Aristotle have obtained among classical scholars, are particularly full of these quotations; and it is no disparagement to say, that many times the papers and essays that most please and profit by repeated perusals, are not only founded on sentences taken from the Greek and Latin authors, but are really and mainly made up of quotations or references to them. Montaigne, who is, in fact, the father of the essay, as it was afterward called, when brought to perfection by Bacon, Addison, Steele, Johnson, and others, is most abundant of all in Latin quotations. His essays are filled with elegant extracts, and to such a degree as at first seems to savor of insufferable pedantry. But as we read we learn to admire, and soon conclude that this practice of quoting is properly a habit of his nature, and is, moreover, his most pleasing excellence. So numerous are these quotations of the best sentences from the noblest writers of the purest period of Latin literature, found in the writings of this old Frenchman, that one might profit by reading him simply for the abundance of ancient maxims of wit and wisdom interspersed throughout his several essays. It is undoubtedly owing very much to these quotations that, notwithstanding his many offenses against a pure moral taste, and his unconcealed and inexcusable egotism, after almost three hundred years, he maintains a favorite place among moral and Christian readers. Of him Hallam, warming into an enthusiasm by no means frequently displayed in his writings, says: "So long as an unaffected style and an appearance of the utmost simplicity and good-nature shall charm—so long as the lovers of desultory and cheerful conversation shall be more numerous than those who prefer a lecture or a sermon—so long as reading is sought by the many as an amusement in idleness or a resource in pain—so long will Montaigne be among the favorite authors of mankind. There will be but one opinion as to the felicity and brightness of his genius. It is a striking proof of these qualities, that we can not help believing him to have struck out all his thoughts by a spontaneous effort of his mind, and to have fallen afterward upon his quotations and examples by happy accident. I have little doubt but that the process was different, and that, either by dint of memory, or by the usual method of common-placing, he had made his reading instrumental to excite his own ingenious and fearless understanding. These quotations, though they, perhaps, make more than half of his essays, seem part of himself, and like limbs

of his own mind, which could not be separated without laceration." Of the popularity of Montaigne he says, when speaking of the learned and pious Pascal: "Except the Bible and the writings of St. Augustine, the book that seems most to have attracted him was the *Essays of Montaigne*."

The learned authors of those essays, written during the golden age of English literature, which at once entered upon a career of popularity remarkable in that day, and which has gone on increasing in reputation even to the present time—Addison, Steele, Savage, Johnson, and others—were most astonishing quoters of other men's thoughts and labors; and D'Israeli, whose opinion has already been called to the aid of the doctrine of this paper, remarks that Addison, who founded most of his essays on some classical quotation, and who scrupled not to fill up the body of each with a liberal selection of the valuable thoughts of other men, is even now read with as much pleasure and eagerness, by all men, as he was in his own time; while Steele, who rarely takes any thing from any source save his own genius, is read with no interest whatever.

Coleridge, and the writers of his school, were prone to indulge in this elegant and beautifying practice. Mr. Coleridge himself was, indeed, more apt to use another's ideas than his exact words, and hence he was sometimes charged with plagiarism on this account. He was, however, defended by his friends, who declared that if he did borrow, or even steal, he never used another's property without adding so much, both to the thought and language, that the original author should esteem himself fortunate in having such a man appropriate, polish, and adorn his ruder attempts at expression. Indeed, there is scarcely a man in the whole range of English literature, at all noted as being a good writer, who quotes more, or to a better purpose, than this same Samuel Taylor Coleridge. His *Aids to Reflection*, and his *Biographia Literaria*—his two best and his only finished works—are as full of quotations as they are of valuable and original thoughts. Either alone would make the literary fame of many a writer. Many of Lord Bacon's essays are set thick with quotations, which shine in the pure field of his ideas, like the stars in the crystal vault of heaven. Even Shakspeare, who is, after Lord Bacon, the most original writer of our language, abounds in quotations. These, however, are so often in the shape of proverbs and old wives' sayings and maxims, that they are unnoticed. In fact, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that no author, ancient or modern, is worth the reading, who does not make a liberal use of the

works and thoughts of those who have gone before him. And, indeed, how could any one expect to interest and profit his readers who should constantly and systematically neglect to use both by reference and quotation to the long-studied, the well-polished, the often-repeated "household words," which are on every lip—"thoughts that breathe and words that burn"—and expect to be a favorite with the people of all ages?

One of the most fashionable, and, perhaps, the easiest, the shallowest, and, therefore, the least profitable of all modes of quotation is the practice of quoting from the poets. There is always a beauty, and even a power, about the rhythm of poetry which please and command attention. The writer who can skillfully weave into his writings such extracts is always sure of engaging the interest of his readers. When the lines and stanzas of well-known and popular poetry are aptly made to accord with and clearly to express the current sentiment or that which the writer is aiming to reach, they have much force and can not fail to please. Then we are surprised at the memory and at the ingenuity, no less than at the skill and genius that can blend the dissimilar elements of prose and poetry, and make them into one harmonious whole. It is as if one, in the search for precious metals, had fallen upon a polished mass of gold, which incloses and adorns a cluster of diamonds. Such quotations are, as Solomon says of words "fitly spoken," "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

No where do quaint and rare, or apt and forceful, or eloquent and elegant quotations, appear with a better grace than in conversation—that kind of conversation that is found in good society—conversation not made up of inane and often inappropriate remarks on the weather, or the current scandal of the neighborhood. Under these circumstances, to be able to repeat the exact words of a favorite author, for the purpose of pointing a sentence, or of sustaining an argument, is not only very pleasing and profitable, but highly complimentary to the company that listens. Very few persons know how such quotations are relished, and how they improve both the mind and heart of him who prepares himself to make them. Such is the conversation—or "conference," as he calls it—to which Lord Bacon alludes in that celebrated passage in his essays, so often quoted, and than which few sentences better deserve a daily use, where he says: "Reading doth make a full man, writing an accurate man, but conversation a ready man." Besides, there is a pleasure in learning the exact words of a noble author—every syllable and letter—and in treasuring them up in the mind for future use, and a greater pleasure in having them

always at hand for use, like well-polished shafts in a quiver, prepared and kept for the most sudden emergency, ready to be launched from the bow of the lips at a moment's warning. A conversation thus carried on, partly or chiefly by appropriate quotations, will answer many useful purposes, and will always present beauties and fruits such as no gossip can. It will resemble a conservatory filled with a thousand exotic flowers, bursting with beauty and redolent of perfume, where some new surprise awaits you each moment, and where you can not wander without profit.

One great use of quotations in this, and in the other cases named, is to connect the little present with the great past, and thus to ennoble and dignify the race of man, and aid him to climb above himself, according to the words of the old Roman moralist, Seneca: "O, quam contempta res est homo, nisi super humana se erexit!" or, as translated by the old English poet, Daniel:

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!"

By the use of quotations we thus keep up the connection of the present generation with all past generations, and continue the old, the well-tried, and often-demonstrated trains of thoughts and feeling, of sympathy and activity, and link the whole race into one great chain of brotherhood, not of to-day alone, but of all time. Some one has said that thought is the only immortal product of man, and thus quoting day by day and year by year, the best words and thoughts of the best minds among men, we are able to fill our memories with the ideas and adorn our lives with the principles and influences of the noblest souls, even back to the earliest times.

So much are quotations prized, and so much are they in demand among nearly all classes of literary men, that there is felt a necessity for helps in finding those which are appropriate, that many books have been compiled with the express purpose of assisting writers and speakers in their search for the most striking passages of ancient and modern literature. And it is by no means certain that the Greek anthology was not designed to be a book of this character, which should furnish a convenient means of learning for use the choicest and most compact sentiments of the ages anterior to that in which its collection was made. Such books are sometimes a mere compilation of beauties, having no connection with one another, and often none with any conceivable topic, though they are supposed to be capable of an application to any subject, or of a use on any occasion. There are

books of Latin and Greek Quotations, of Scripture Quotations, Shakspearian Quotations, and of Poetic Quotations, almost without number; and while some of them are undoubtedly somewhat valuable, it can not be denied that the person who depends on them alone, and does not take his instances and citations from the original works, will often be misled. This is especially the case when the preacher depends on his "Scripture Compendium of Texts Topically Arranged," or on his "Scriptural Quotations," for his proof-texts, rather than on the Bible alone. So with any other author. Such a one will never appeal to his quotations with any great degree of confidence; for the context he knows may contradict his comments, or neutralize the whole of his argument. He can but know that he is thus stealing shreds to make a patchwork. But he who finds his own passages to quote, and thoroughly knows what they mean, will, by his use of them, show that they are really his own "by right of conquest," if not "by right of original discovery." He will prove himself, like the Americans, as described by Sir Henry Bulwer, and quoted by Bayard Taylor, "quickest at turning a penny, and most magnificent at spending a guinea."

In conclusion, it must not be omitted to say, that a constant habit of quoting savors very much of pedantry and affectation. While quotations are of great value, and add great beauty and force to any composition, they must evidently be introduced because there is some real foundation for them to rest upon, or else they will seem like a castle built in the air. If quotations are the ornaments of writing, and such they are in a peculiar sense, there must be a good and substantial, a convenient and a useful edifice, to which to attach that ornament; and it must also be so wrought into the general design of the structure, that it shall seem to have been a part of the original plan. It must not only adorn, but must be of such a character and amount, that, if it were taken away, every eye would at once see that something of great moment had been removed, to the loss of which the mind could in no way be reconciled. A quotation must bear the marks that Pope ascribes to wit:

"True wit is nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well exprest;
Something whose truth, convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind."

It may, therefore, be said, in the words of that indefatigable writer and collector of wisdom, D'Israeli, "The art of quotation requires more delicacy in practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract. When the mind of a writer is saturated with the

full inspiration of a great author, a quotation gives completeness to the whole; it seals his feelings with indisputable authority. Whenever we would prepare the mind for a forcible appeal, an opening quotation is a symphony preluding on the chords, whose tones we are about to harmonize."

CALLS TO PRAYER.

BY SARAH B. CLARK.

WHEN the calm and quiet twilight
Has faded quite away,
And the holy voice of starlight
Seems calling us to pray,
Hast thou heard a secret whisper,
Deep within the spirit's home,
Clear and sweet as evening vesper,
Saying to thee, "Come, O, come?"
Hast thou answered, "Wherefore, whither
Wouldst thou call me thus away?"
List! the bells of evening echo,
"Come up hither—come and pray!"
Ye whose youthful hearts are glowing
With hopes so strangely fair—
Ye with cup of bliss o'erflowing—
With brows untouched with care—
Hearken to the spirit's speaking,
Bid the voice of earth be dumb;
Brighter joys than these be seeking;
Still she pleadeth, "Come, O, come!
Where no darkened shadow falleth
There's a fadeless crown for thee;"
Voice of many a loved one calleth,
"Come up hither—come and see!"
Ye who walk the darkened pathway,
Where the billow o'er thee rolls,
Where, instead of stirring soul-lay,
Joy's sad knell forever tolls;
Now, when dearest hopes are blighted,
The heart's holiest trust betrayed,
While the soul with love once lighted
Wanders weary and dismayed;
Listen to the loved ones pleading,
And the spirit's winning voice;
We have found a pathway leading
To a land where all rejoice—
Where no tear of sorrow falleth—
Where no heart is crushed with woe—
Thine own moaning echo calleth,
"Sad and weary, Let us go!"
Then when calm and peaceful twilight
Has faded quite away,
And the holy voice of starlight
Seems calling us to pray,
Listen to the spirit's speaking—
Listen to the evening bell;
Come with us while we are seeking
'Mong the holy ones to dwell;
Come with us while we would gather
Jewels for our Savior's crown;
Seek thine own that we together
At his feet may lay them down.

POLITICIANS—MALE AND FEMALE.

BY THRACE TALMON.

AT this time, when a change is going forward among those who occupy places of public trust, regard is more universally directed to that class of citizens known as politicians. All public vicissitudes are matters of considerable public interest; thence, the persons principally concerned in such events take on unusual share of attention. From the very nature of the organization of a government vested in the hands of a people, rotation of power is an inexorable necessity. This creates a class of men more especially interested in its investiture—some from curiosity, many from private considerations, and a very few from patriotic principle.

Of the first of these three classes—the amateur politicians—may be cited those gentlemen of time and means, who read all the public papers for the news from all political arenas, who converse intelligently upon topics therewith connected, and whose zeal for the success of certain partisans is moderately limited to the private circle in which they move. These men are found in the elegant homes of retired rural life, in the sumptuous abodes of urban independence, and most often around the well-filled tables of public libraries.

The second class, and by far the most numerous in many sections of our country, are those who want office, and, moreover, are determined to have it one way or another, it signifies nothing which. These are professional politicians. They become all things to all men that they may gain votes. Cicero observes that nature has given to man, not only a general character, but, also, a singular one. The singular character of professional politicians is entirely lost in the general, which must have angles enough to be equal to the angles of every man whom they meet. A constant reference to others is the one governing motive which impels them to speak or act. "Will this proposed movement be popular?" not "Is it right?" is the absorbing question.

So far as a man practices amenity and becoming tranquillity of soul toward all others without involving the sacrifice of principle, is admirable. A natural grace and dignified kindness can not fail of charming even the most stolid and obtuse. The dependencies of society are its sustaining links, the dissolution of which would involve ruin. Our Creator beautifully ordained that every man should more or less depend on others.

But when this love of popularity degenerates into a mere slavish fear of offending, no matter at what sacrifice of the right and honorable, the

character is tarnished, weakened, and ultimately destroyed. Such a man loses his manhood, and is as little to be trusted, independent of personal considerations, as an avowed enemy to the laws of the land.

Various and curious expedients have professional politicians for compassing their designs. Sometimes, when the locality favors the means, they supply the voters with unstinted supplies of ardent spirits, till liquor flows almost as freely as at the Roman banquets, where a stream of wine ran from the mouth of Constantine's brazen horse. Again, these men have been known to affect piety; and all remember the candidate who entered the class meeting and gravely participated in the exercises of the occasion, afterward soliciting the favor of the leader and his friends to aid in securing his approaching election.

Splendid promises are also in frequent use by these office-hunters. Patronage, of all sorts, is dealt out in prospective. These glittering humbugs should be served like Æmilianus, who, desiring to obtain the power in Rome, assured the people that he would resign to their wisdom all but the rank of general for himself, and would deliver the empire from all the barbarians, while he made manifest their pride and power. They trusted him, and saw that they had been betrayed. In less than four months he was ignominiously deposed by the desertion of his supporters to the cause of another more powerful than himself. The nature of a promise is so sacred, it ought never to be violated, save under the most cogent circumstances, without disgrace. But these professional politicians are so much in the habit of using this bait, it becomes a novelty deserving some investigation from the curious in such matters, if they are known to keep their faith and bestow an actual reward equivalent to the promise.

Another expedient for carrying on the "war in procinct," is that of a grand manifestation of interest in every voter in the district on which the candidate is dependent. We have heard of those persons who acquainted themselves or their deputed aids, with the address of all the most influential, and many of those who were mere voters, to which were forwarded documents containing amplest apocryphal evidence of the greatness and goodness of the party in question, with equally-powerful proofs of the unfitness of the opposing candidates, and this in the most fascinating of confidential appeals, which had been previously struck off to order, like those admirable letters written for the post-office of a fair, to be addressed to whom it may concern. We read that in the time of the Emperor Ha-

drian, every man who shared the political privileges of the state, must be personally known to the aspirants for public favor. When this was impossible the duty was delegated to a class of men called *nomenclators*. One of these men accompanied every candidate, and, by a timely whisper, informed him of the name of each voter as he came forward. This, indeed, must have been effectual electioneering. Bonaparte understood this sort of tactics when he caused those famous letters to be issued from the war-office in his own name, to particular soldiers in every brigade, which missives contained marvelously-correct allusions to their past career, and a flattering request to accept a furlough and repair immediately to Paris, where their presence was anxiously awaited by the Emperor. Mithridates acquainted himself with the name of every member of his vast army—a proof, not only of an incomparable memory, but of a singular knowledge of the secret of popularity.

Personal presence, accompanied by the most artful appeals to the people in their own behalf, is also another custom of professional politicians. "I am the man who have seen, who have done, who have suffered! Produce a competitor who is my equal! Attention, all the hosts of creation!" etc., is the style of this species of electioneering. We can swallow such doses of egotism from a Cicero, a Demosthenes, or other noble names of ever-to-be-venerated antiquity, but when our ears are taxed, and our eyes tasked with a modern spectacle of this stamp, it becomes insupportably ridiculous. Such unworthy friction destroys the luster of the most brazen implement of "sound and fury."

The third class of politicians—the truly patriotic—who fear God and work righteousness, are not now so often found as in those earlier times of our national history, which tried the real stuff of which a man was made. The period when a penalty was enacted for every man who refused to accept an office to which he was elected, would seem to indicate a different order of politicians from the major portion of those of our day and generation. The increments of emolument have corrupted the pure, strong undercurrent of disinterested patriotism.

How few who are the "servants of the people" are likewise servants of God! Yet, we may thank Heaven and take courage that these few "righteous men" are even now among us. We have those, like the inspired rulers of antiquity, who hold communion with Him that giveth wisdom, might, and dominion—who rebel not against the words of God, nor condemn the counsels of the Most High. When the ways of justice are hedged about, their resort is that of Him who

said: "I give myself unto prayer." Such examples are living testimony of the "higher studies" of excellence, than which nothing human is more powerfully impressive.

The writer of this will never cease to remember the scene of witnessing the august form of our most eminent living jurist, with that of his intellectual and lovely companion, humbly bowed in prayer, amid the members of their family and guests, at the time of "the evening sacrifice." That same voice which has pronounced some of the most important judicial decisions, that voice which has been heard in our highest national council, and to which the good, the learned, the illustrious have long listened with reverence, is also heard in the class meeting, with the sublime utterances of a devotional spirit. Inexpressibly does this "humbleness of heart" exalt a character, else worthy of high praise, into an atmosphere of meridian splendor. No honor in the gift of the suffrages of man can impart greater glory to an existence thus consecrated to the service of God and the right.

Says Charles Sumner, when writing of another eminent jurist, a peer of him to whom we have just alluded in the records of American law, though not in the ranks of political estimation: "I have endeavored to regard him, as posterity will regard him—as they must regard him now who know him in his various works. Imagine for one moment the irreparable loss if all that he has done were blotted out forever. This alone is the test of all men's labors—the verdict of posterity upon the individual influence of character. The ephemeral passion of cotemporaneous applause, the mere success in winning place and power, is no true criterion of the worth of a man to his time and generation. What greater honor than the universal acclaim of those who shall come after, based upon the recognition of services rendered in the fear of God! A single utterance, moved with gratitude, is a nobler tribute than the most costly mausoleum inscribed with a thousand public honors. So great was the reputation of Noureddin, Sultan of Aleppo, for justice, that his chamber of judgment was the terror of the extortioner and the refuge of the oppressed. Some years after his death a poor subject was heard in the streets of Damascus, calling aloud: "O, Noureddin! Noureddin! where art thou now? Arise, arise, to pity and protect us!" Had it not been for this circumstance, it is probable that the name of Noureddin would have perished with his time, or, perhaps, received only a mention in the list of Turkish rulers.

A prominent characteristic of a truly-great man, who is a blessing to his country, is a wise condescension to those of inferior station. This

trait has redeemed the memory of many an objectionable hero from obloquy and hate. The servant who held the stirrup for Napoleon I was accustomed to relate with tearful eyes accounts of his master's affable kindness to all who clustered about his person. Beneath one of our New England roofs the old man spent his last days in delightful recurrence to those scenes of the past, and died thankful that he had been honored by being in the service of such a master.

Parton's accounts of this trait in Andrew Jackson are among the most fascinating of his pages. "The strength of a prince is the love of his people," observes Seneca. How much more is this true of the strength of one who has been raised to exalted station by the people! What man would choose to be detested by all who ever knew him, or by even a minority, for personal considerations aside from party spirit?

The conditions of a worthy popularity, such as is attached to the best class of political men, involve centrality, *integrity of purpose*. Many other considerations go strongly to make up these conditions; but if the people are persuaded that a leading man is honest, and their well-wisher, they are not backward to give him his due in some form.

Good men should study politics in order to increase the numerical ranks of honest politicians. It is a mistaken principle of life that would exclude those whose chief business is religion from any participation with public affairs. Gibbon informs us that the primitive Christians did not take part in the concerns of the public lest they should become corrupted by pagan superstition. In return the pagans frequently asked, what must be the fate of the empire, attacked on every side by the barbarians, if all mankind should adopt the pusillanimous sentiments of the new sect? A similar question we Americans may ask at this time. To whom are we to look under Heaven for safety and direction if not to our best men?

Yet we would have no union of Church and state. The records of the past afford the amplest evidence of the disastrous issues of such a coalition. The consistorial government of the republic of Geneva, established by John Calvin, was one of the worst which the world has ever seen. It was this that enabled the dark, unslumbering spirit of persecution to drag to the stake the philosophical but mistaken Servetus, and choked effectually the voice of inquiry and dissent. The awful massacres and the secrets of the Roman Inquisition complete the sum of testimony against the slightest approach to such an order of affairs.

It is the ordinary presumption that every

man is best informed touching those matters of his own particular craft. But this is only opposite of those who meddle with what they are almost wholly unacquainted. There is, however, no doubt but that religious men very largely influence the stratum of public affairs, which fact should enter into account when we consider the elements of our past general prosperity as a people.

Thus far we have alluded to political men; but we can not obliterate the fact that the "gentler sex" have had some share in the interests of state. A genuine political woman is an anomaly. That female who clamors for the right of suffrage, and whose political sympathies or antipathies are poured forth upon the public ear, is not adapted to rightly sustain the relation of wife and mother. Nothing is more exactly fitted for the transformation of woman into all that she ought never to be as a participation with men in public affairs in a public manner. She who aspires to the civil attitude of a man is infinitely less than a woman.

But there is a sense in which woman may and does participate in political affairs. There is an influence which she can and often does exert more potent than men would ever care to confess. The Duchess of Sutherland is one of the greatest movers in the affairs of state in England; but her levers are hidden beneath the details of society, and this so adroitly that every man, however famous, who comes into her atmosphere is only aware that she is "a prodigiously fine woman." The Empress Josephine had such extraordinary influence over the Emperor Napoleon that she was constantly in the receipt of letters from persons of all ranks, soliciting her coöperation or direct personal mediation; and often where the most momentous interests were at stake, Madame de Stael exerted such power in public affairs that the man who dictated terms to kings was fain to conciliate her good graces for reasons of state. The sister of Francis I was known to be powerfully influential in protecting the leading spirits of the Reformation.

James VI was especially troubled by women who interfered with his enactments. "So completely had 'the weaker vessel' pinned him, that, though he 'had manie grait giftes, bot specialie excellit in the toung and pen,' he shrunk from encountering these spirited females with their own weapons, and, skulking behind the throne, directed against them the thunderbolt of a royal proclamation, 'to remove from the capital and retire beyond the water of Tay till they give farther declaration of their disposition.'"

It required all the art of Seneca and policy of Burrhus to prevent Agrippina from sharing

the honors of empire with her son, so greatly did she desire to intermeddle with public affairs. Mammæa, mother of Alexander Severus, and his grandmother Mæsa, virtually ruled, while the supple monarch nominally held the reins of empire.

Christina of Sweden acted the part of a public man till she was tired of her unnatural *role*, then sought solace in disputing every man whom she met, not sparing "his Holiness." A more unhappy woman never made her last will and testament than this, who tried all manner of experiments in order to astonish the world and confound the wisdom of the wisest.

Some of the most illustrious of our own public men have furnished examples of deference to woman's opinions in the weightiest concerns. Washington often retired from the council of state to consult his wife. Jackson almost idolized his companion, and deferred to her suggestions. The wife of John Adams is remembered to have possessed great influence in molding public opinion. The letters addressed to her by Jefferson give evidence of the esteem in which her sentiments were held by those even of conflicting party. He condescends to explain to her more than one act of his administration to which she was supposed to object, at the same time apologizing courteously for intruding upon her time, citing it as a proof of his great respect. His letter to Madame Necker upon the claims of Monsieur Klein against the United States bears proof of his regard for woman's influence.

We find also in Jefferson's Works a memorandum of the contributions from ladies to aid in carrying forward the war. One woman put down "five gold rings," another a "watch-chain," a third a "diamond-drop," and thus till a large sum was contributed. We are inclined to think that this kind of instrumentality in political affairs is far more effective than that for which many women at present contend.

When a woman possesses this power of modulating the tone of political society, to some degree, she should least of all be conscious of such possession, and in the most scrupulously-conscientious manner, should seek to order her speech and act, ever veiled with the decorous screen of unaffected delicacy.

Woman, so far as is consistent with her more appropriate duties, should be informed concerning those affairs that are vital to the public weal—enough, at least, to be able to converse with intelligent propriety. But if any are so situated that they can not do this, if they have neither time nor talent, they should be sufficiently consoled with the reflection that they need be none the less lovely or loving.

Let every woman, especially every wife, regard it her *object of life*, secondary only to the uses of the soul toward God, so to live that it may be said of her, as Wordsworth wrote of his wife after thirty-six years of wedded life:

"Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
To thy large heart and *humble mind* that cast
Into one vision future, present, past."

TO-MORROW.

BY MRS. E. CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

I CAN not write to-day;

The sunshine hath a dreamy spell
That woos me from my home away
To fragrant woodland dell;
And o'er my face, not over fair,
The breezes toss my tangled hair,
And bear the unbound leaves away—
Well, well, I can not write to-day,
I'll write to-morrow.

In vain, old saint and sage,
Ye look on me with mournful eyes,
While wisdom chides from many a page
Which on my table lies;
For what are teachers such as these
To light and sunshine, bloom and breeze?
I can not think what I would say;
So bear with me, dear love, to-day,
I'll write to-morrow.

There hangs my rustic lyre,
With last year's faded roses bound;
Now, as I touch each quivering wire,
The dead leaves strew the ground,
And memory whispers soft and low
The love-dreams of the "long ago;"
Of tender hearts that now are clay—
Well, let me dream of them to-day,
I'll write to-morrow.

Would I could find the spring
Described in legendary lore,
Where Love could wash his dusty wing
And soar to heaven once more!
That fount that sparkled clear and bright
Before the Indian sachem's sight;
Would I could lie where he hath lain!
O, what a glad, triumphant strain
I'd sing to-morrow!

Dear woods and sunshine bright,
I love you, yet I seek in vain
An earthly shrine where Faith may light
Her altar lamps again;
An earthly stream on whose bright shore
My faded hopes may bloom once more,
While Genius breaks his bonds of clay,
And sings to heaven his sweetest lay;
And what the world calls dreams to-day
Be truths to-morrow.

THE CHANGE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"THERE'S no use trying any longer to suit Isaac Parsons," muttered to herself the aforementioned individual's better-half, as she sat in a corner of the farm-kitchen, rapidly divesting a chicken of its feathers; "I've worked and slaved myself to death for him and his'n, and all the thanks I've had for the last fifteen years has been short words, and general growlin', and fault-finding, till now I'm jest determined to stand out and have my own way, or let things take their own course, and he'll find that, after all, Melissy Talcott has got some sperit in her that can't be crushed out with all his abusin' and aggravation!"

"To think, now, he should have the heart to refuse me a new carpet after he's had such good luck with his wheat crop, and I jest slaved myself all through harvestin' and got along with one girl!"

"The more that man gets the stingier he grows, and there isn't a woman amongst my acquaintances that would stand such treatment, and I won't. I put down my foot from this moment," setting down most emphatically that solid member of her comely person on the kitchen floor; "if Isaac Parsons won't come to terms, *I'll quit him*, that's all!"

It was a still, serene morning in the early Autumn. The kitchen windows were open, and through them came, like golden wings, the sunshine to linger and laugh on the white kitchen floor, and flash along the ceiling, and brighten every thing into picturesque beauty in that old farm-house kitchen. The song of the birds in their nests among the old bell pear trees, came also through the windows in sweet eddies and jets of music, and so did all those ripe, fragrant, spicy scents, which belong to the Autumn, and which have always a whisper of the tropics, with their still, stately splendors, their groves of balm, and forests odorous with gums, and beautiful with all strange and gorgeous blooms.

But, better than all this, that Autumn morning was one to brim the heart with gratitude and love to God, the giver of all its perfect beauty, to calm the human soul into peace, and trust in the wisdom and love, which had ordained that day a high-priest to man, and its robe was like the robe of Aaron's ephod, all of blue, and its bells were the early winds ringing to and fro in the still air, and on the forehead of the morning was written so that all eyes might read, "All His works do praise him!"

But Mrs. Melissa Parsons heard and saw none

of these things. Down among the fogs and darkness of her own narrow, fretful cares and anxieties, she walked with warped vision and angry thoughts, which seethed and flashed into rebellion and hatred. For her there was no beauty in that Autumn day, no token of God's love and care for man in its sweet face—no voice calling her to prayer or praise in the whisper of its winds or the song of its birds.

Mrs. Melissa Parsons had been a remarkably-pretty girl in her youth, and thirty-seven years had made her a fair and comely woman.

Her husband was a somewhat phlegmatic man, stubborn and opinionated, and as his early life and social atmosphere had not enlarged nor softened his character, the hardest and least agreeable side of it expanded with his years. He loved money, and as the æsthetic part of his nature had never been cultivated, he regarded it as wastefulness and extravagance to indulge in much grace or beauty of surroundings.

Still, there was another side to the man; his affections were deep and tender, and a judicious and loving woman could have reached and influenced him to almost any degree through these. But Mrs. Parsons never understood her husband. She was an impulsive, high-spirited, and really warm-hearted woman, with a good deal of petty, social ambition, and she and her husband were constantly jarring each other.

His obstinacy always inflamed her anger, while her imperious temper only hardened him into fresh stubbornness, and so the current of their lives ran most inharmoniously, and was constantly interrupted by jars, and bickerings, and angry altercations. That one fair and precious lily of tenderness, whose grace and beauty had filled their youth with fragrance, cast its leaves, and at last only the root was left; and what dews or sunshine should nourish it in a soil that grew more barren year by year—a soil overgrown with thistles and rank and noisome weeds?

Yet all these years the barns and storehouses, the lands and gold of Isaac Parsons increased, and God sent children—two boys and a girl—to soften the hearts of the father and mother, and to be to them angels of a new covenant of household peace and tenderness. But, alas! the sweet faces and all the beautiful and loving ministrations of childhood never accomplished their mission; and, with hearts and tempers fretted, and soured, and worn, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons counted the years going over them, and both felt that their marriage had been a mistake and a misery; and with blind eyes that would not see, and hard hearts that would not understand, each blamed the other, and mutual recrimination only produced fresh bitterness.

At last a crisis came. Mrs. Parsons had set her heart that Autumn upon a new parlor carpet, which was in no wise unreasonable, and in which her husband ought to have indulged her, but the manner of her request, which was in reality a command, at once roused the inherent stubbornness of the man, and he flatly refused her. Then followed passionate words and angry retorts, till the husband and wife separated with mutual bitterness and rage.

But, as Mrs. Parsons took up her denuded chicken and plunged it in a pan of hot water, her eyes glanced on the weekly paper which lay on the table, and they settled upon this passage, which completed a short sketch: "Who when He was reviled, reviled not again, but committed his cause to Him who judgeth righteously."

And those words stole, in a still, serene, rebuking voice, through the stormy soul of Mrs. Parsons. She had read them innumerable times before, and they had had for her no especial message nor meaning, but now God had sent his angel to drop them in her heart; and in a moment something of the real sin and wrong of her life rose up and confronted her.

She sat down in a low chair by her kitchen table, and rested her forehead on her hand. The hard, fretful, angry look went out from her face, and was succeeded by a soft, thoughtful expression, and the sunshine hovered in yearning, golden, shifting beauty about her.

And the years of Mrs. Parsons's life rose up, like pale, sorrowful faces from the dead, and looked reproachfully upon her, and suddenly, in sharp, clear, strong features, stood revealed to her roused conscience the heavy part she had borne in all the sin and misery which had blasted her married life.

And then the woman's memory went back to her first acquaintance with Isaac Parsons—he had chosen her from among a score of others, who envied her that good fortune, and how fond he was of her, and how those early days of their courtship came over the softened heart of the woman, as the first winds of spring come up from the south, and go softly over the bare, despairing earth. Then she saw herself once more a shy, tremulous, joyful bride at the altar, leaning on the strong arm and the tender heart to whom she gave herself gladly and trustfully, as a woman should.

And she remembered that morning, a little later, when her proud and happy young husband brought her to the house which had been his father's, and how for a little while the thought of being mistress of the great old farm-house fairly frightened the wits out of her.

She meant to make it a sweet and happy home

for Isaac Parsons. She remembered, as though it all happened yesterday, the little plans and contrivances she had made for his surprise and their mutual comfort.

But the first quarrel came. How well she remembered it, and how clearly she saw now the foolish and sinful part she had borne in that! If she had controlled her temper then—ah, if she had only done this since—if she had only been gentle and patient, forbearing and forgiving, instead of being proud and passionate, fretful and stubborn! If she had only borne her woman's burdens, and done her woman's duties! Here the wife and the mother broke down; she buried her face in her apron and cried like a little child.

Mrs. Parsons was an energetic, determined sort of woman, and when she had once made up her mind to any course of action she would not shrink from it. What went on in the softened woman's heart that morning, as she sat with her apron at her eyes, and the sobs in her throat, rocking to and fro in her low chair, and the sweet, restless sunshine all about her—what went on in the woman's softened heart only God and the angels know.

"Are you tired, Isaac?"

The farmer was wiping his face and hands on the brown crash towel which hung near the window. He was a tall, stalwart, muscular man, sunbrowned and weather-beaten; yet he had keen, kindly eyes, and the hard features had an honest, intelligent expression. Mrs. Parsons was cutting a loaf of rye bread at the kitchen table. Her husband turned and looked at her a moment as though he half doubted whether he had heard aright. His wife's face was bent over the bread, and he could not see it; but the words came the second time:

"Are you tired, Isaac?"

It was a long, long time since Mr. Parsons had heard that soft, quiet voice. It stole over his heart, like a wind from the land of his youth.

"Wa'al, yes, I do feel kind o' tuckered out. It's hard work to get in all that corn with only one hand besides Roger."

"I reckoned so; and I thought I'd br'ile the chicken for tea, and bake the sweet potatoes, as you'd relish 'em best so."

Mr. Parsons did not say one word; he sat down and took the weekly paper out of his pocket, but his thoughts were too busy to let him read one word. He knew very well his wife's aversion to broiled chickens, and as the kitchen was her undisputed territory, he was obliged to submit and have his chickens stewed, and his potatoes served up in sauce, notwithstanding she was perfectly aware that he pre-

ferred the former broiled and the latter baked; and this unusual deference to his tastes fairly struck the farmer dumb with astonishment, and he sat still and watched his wife as she hurried from the pantry to the table in her preparations for tea; and then there came across him the memory of some of the harsh, angry words he had spoken during their quarrel that morning, and the words smote the man's heart.

And while Mrs. Parsons was in the midst of taking up the daintily-broiled chicken, two boys and a girl burst into the kitchen.

They were a pleasant sight as they tumbled in, noisy and mirthful, with their cheeks full of the bloom which the country air had kissed into them, and their eyes dancing with excitement and frolic.

"Hush, hush, children!" wound in among the obstreperous mirth like a silver chime the soft voice of the mother. "Father's busy with his paper, and you'll disturb him."

The children were silenced at once, not from fear at the reproof, but in wonder at it, for the wife as seldom consulted her husband's taste or convenience in those small, every-day matters which make the happiness or irritation of our lives as he did hers.

In a few moments the hungry family gathered around the table. There was little spoken at that meal, but a softer, kindlier atmosphere seemed to pervade the room. The children felt it, though they did not speak of it.

"Are you going out this evenin', Isaac?"

"Wall, yes, I thought I'd step round to the town meetin'. Want any thing at the store?" continued Mr. Parsons, as he tried to button his collar before the small, old-fashioned looking-glass, whose mahogany frame was mounted with boughs of evergreen, around which scarlet berries hung their chains of rubies.

But the man's large fingers were clumsy, and the button was refractory, and, after several ineffectual attempts to accomplish his purpose, Mr. Parsons dropped his hand with an angry grunt that "the thing would n't work."

"Let me try, father!" Mrs. Parsons stepped quickly to her husband's side, and in a moment her skillful fingers had managed the refractory button.

Then she smoothed down a lock or two of black hair, which had strayed over the sunburnt forehead, and the touch of those soft fingers felt very pleasant about the farmer's brow, and woke up in his heart old, sweet memories of times when he used to feel them fluttering like a dream through his hair.

He looked down on his wife with a softness in his face and a smile in his keen eye which he

little suspected. And the softness and the smile stirred a fountain warm and tender in Mrs. Parsons's heart, which had not for years yielded one stream of its sweet waters. She reached up her lips impulsively to her husband and kissed his cheek. Any one who had witnessed that little domestic scene would scarcely have suspected that the married life of Isaac Parsons and his wife counted three-quarters of a score of years.

The woman's comely face was as full of shy blushes as a girl's of sixteen; and Isaac Parsons seized his hat and plunged out of the house without speaking one word, but with a mixture of amazement and something deeper on his face not easily described.

But at last he cleared his throat, and muttered to himself, "Melissy sha'n't repent that act—I say she sha'n't!" and when Isaac Parsons said a thing every body knew he meant it.

The sunset of another Autumn day was rolling its vestures of purple and gold about the mountains when the wagon of Isaac Parsons rolled into the farm yard. He had been absent all day in the city, and the supper had been awaiting him nearly an hour, and the children had grown hungry and impatient.

"O, father, what have you got there?" they all clamored as he came into the house tugging along an immense bundle tied with cords.

"It's something for your mother, children," was the rather unsatisfactory answer.

At that moment Mrs. Parsons entered the kitchen. Her husband snapped the cords, and a breadth of Ingrain carpeting rolled upon the floor, through whose dark-green ground-work trailed a russet vine and golden leaves—a most tasteful and graceful pattern.

Isaac Parsons turned to his amazed wife. "There, Melissy, there's the parlor carpet you asked me for yesterday mornin'. I reckon there an't many that'll beat it in West Farms."

A quick change went over Mrs. Parsons's face, half of joy, half of something deeper.

"O, Isaac!" She put her arms around the strong man's neck and burst into tears.

The trio of children stood still, and looked on in stolid amazement. I think the sight of their faces was the first thing which recalled Isaac Parsons to himself.

"Come, come, mother," he said, but his voice was not just steady, "do n't give way now like this. I'm as hungry as a panther, and want my supper afore I do any thing but put up my horse," and he strode off to that impatient quadruped in the back yard.

So the new carpet proved an olive-branch of peace in the household of Isaac Parsons. While

others admired its pattern or praised its quality, it spoke to Mrs. Parsons's heart a story of all that which love and patience may accomplish. After many struggles and much prayer, the triumph over pride, and passion, and evil habits was at last achieved; and this was not accomplished in a day, or a month, or a year, but the "small leaven that leaveneth the whole lump," working silently and surely, completed at last its pure and perfect work, and in the farm-house of Isaac Parsons reigned the spirit of forbearance and self-relinquishment, of gentleness and love, which are given unto those who "fear God and keep his commandments."

THOUGHTS FROM COMMON-PLACES.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

A SATIRICAL application of an old adage has often occurred to me. Many of the "popular lectures" which literary gentlemen deliver between Maine and Missouri are severely satirical, or bitterly denunciatory, yet they are warmly applauded—because "*present company is always excepted.*"

When I see favorable notices in the newspapers of a man who has amassed a fortune by "grinding the faces of the poor," because he has given one or more thousands of dollars to a Widow's Home or an Orphan Asylum, I am constrained to believe that whatever charity belongs to the circumstances is manifested by the editors—"charity covereth [or hideth] a multitude of sins."

Out of patience with men who seek to be leaders in great popular movements, I have often wished that I could wield a pencil graphically. I would sketch two pictures: one burlesquing the poet's conception of Excelsior, who scorns peril without a purpose and without followers, the other exhibiting a blustering captain, proud of extravagant "soldier clothes," seated on a hand sled, with a host of earnest people dragging him in pursuit of a retreating enemy.

Several years ago on a balmy evening in spring-time, a passenger on a steamboat ascending a southern river, I heard a song, which, now like a cry of joy, then like a wail of deep sorrow, touched my heart. I have since heard a number of the world's greatest musical artists, but among all the skilled efforts they made, not one clings to my memory like the song of black boatmen on the Alabama River. It was earnest and hon-

est in sentiment and tune. It had a pensive wildness, in touching harmony with the character and condition of the songsters. In it music had a plain office. It was not a mere embellishment, or an accomplishment, but a genuine power.

After picking up a common pin in the street, I thought how few of the many who find this simple article a convenience appreciate the skill by which it is made. How rarely even thoughtful people consider the noble strivings, the vexatious defects, which preceded the perfection of the machinery by which it is wrought! Indeed, how rarely any body takes appreciative heed of what, for convenience, for refinement, and protection, ingenious mechanism, in a thousand channels, is now accomplishing—out of civilization developed, protecting and extending—making occasion and opportunity for the general culture in which it is first possible, then essential. This thought leads to matter enough for an essay, or a lecture, or, it may be, a volume. I hope some suggestive writer will pursue it.

While I was walking one day with a friend a villainous cur ran past us. His head was down, his tail between his legs; he was the very picture of fear. He had not gone half a square beyond us before half a dozen boys threw stones at him. His craven aspect provoked them.

"Is n't that dog entitled to abuse?" said my friend.

"Let me answer that question by asking another," I replied. "Does the meek and modest man who gives up his property or abandons his rights rather than vex his spirit with honest indignation find an appropriate refuge when the poor-house directors take charge of him?"

"Unquestionably," my friend responded, turning on a cross street as he spoke, leaving me to reflect whether, notwithstanding the apparent harshness of his declarations, there is not practical philosophy in the opinions they represent.

My boyhood was spent in a village which is situated at the junction of a romantic creek with the Juniata River. My earliest recollections are associated with days which passed too rapidly on that river's shores. I have never since resided in town or city distant from a generous river. I believe that to most men there is something generous in a great river. Sympathy with its generosity accounts not only for settlements in the thick forests along its banks, but for the long walks, lovers take within the sound of its soothing murmur when farms, and farm-houses, and villages dot its overlooking hills. The rivers of the world are associated in history with as exciting

scenes, as thrilling romances as the loftiest mountains. All great nations have great rivers, along which historians recite or poets sing of heroic deeds or sad disasters. The river connects the farm, and the village, and the city with the world above and the world below—physically, not spiritually, I mean. There is a bond of union in its current which, "without money and without price," invites commerce. It is not wonderful, therefore, that prosperity rewards an industrious, intelligent people in a land which, from its northern to its southern, from its eastern to its western border, has silver lines in its landscapes, along which boats of heaviest burden are driven.

Toward the close of Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," it is recorded that Miles Coverdale, the "small poet," visited a drinking saloon. He saw a number of men who appeared to be warmed and comforted in their cups, and he said of them—"Their eyes twinkled a little, to be sure. They hemmed and hawed vigorously after each glass, and laid a hand on the pit of the stomach, as if the pleasant titillation there was what constituted the tangible part of their enjoyment. In that spot unquestionably and not in the brain was the acme of the whole affair. But the true purpose of their drinking, and one that will induce men to drink or do something equivalent as long as this weary world shall endure, was the renewed youth and vigor, the brisk, cheerful sense of things present and to come with which for about a quarter of an hour the dram permeated their systems. And when such quarters of an hour can be obtained in some mode less baneful to the great sum of human life, but, nevertheless, with a little spice of impropriety to give it a mild flavor, we temperance people may ring out our bells for victory."

These are the words of a tinker. They touch other questions than the right or the wrong of stimulating beverages. They suggest whether quarters of an hour, with a "brisk, cheerful sense of things present and to come," might not often, without a spice of impropriety, be provided in family circles—charming away wisely from disgrace and premature death many who are now the victims of conviviality which is secret because it is wicked. Whoever does not recognize this practical philosophy is an agitator only, not a reformer, whenever he declaims against popular sins or national vices.

Americans are inclined to be indignant at English, French, or German tourists who satirize them, or who tell plain truths about their cus-

toms and habits. I would not complain of such patriotic indignation; but, while we maintain an aspect of resentment at satire, we may be signally benefited by the candid opinions of an intelligent foreigner. Recently a canny Scotchman, named Stirling, made a journey through the United States and published a book. He wrote in it both homely satire and wholesome truth. I quote one paragraph:

"The American never plays, not even the American child. He cares nothing for those games and sports which are the delight of the Englishman. He is indifferent to the play either of mind or muscle. Labor is his element, and his only relaxation from hard work is fierce excitement. Neither does he laugh. The Americans are, I imagine, the most serious people in the world. There is no play even in their fancy.

. . . This terrible earnestness is, I am persuaded, at the bottom of that ill-health which is so serious a curse to American life. No doubt other things contribute, climate, stimulants, sedentary occupations, and so forth; but the deep-rooted curse of American disease is that overworking of the brain and over-excitement of the nervous system which are the necessary consequences of their intense activity. Hence nervous dyspepsia, with consumption, insanity, and all its brood of fell disorders in its train. In a word, the American works himself to death."

Mr. Stirling is not too severe. Let any honest man of fair judgment look around him and shrewdly reflect. He will be constrained to exclaim, "Consumption, dyspepsia, and suicide—these are American 'privileges!'" Independent of a determination to die rich, zeal for speedy record, with complimentary resolutions, in the obituary column of a newspaper, is the most prominent of American characteristics. Hospitals, private and public, asylums for the insane, water-cure establishments, and coroner's inquests must exercise the same care for unfortunate humanity, which has sunk under business too exclusive and earnest, study too severe, gravity too heavy, or dignity too sacred, that they exercise for minds and bodies which have been deranged by hot dissipation.

PATIENCE WITH CHILDREN.

If I were asked what single qualification was necessary for one who has the care of children, I should say patience—patience with their tempers, patience with their understandings, patience with their progress. It is not brilliant parts or great acquirements which are necessary, but patience to go over first principles again and again, never to be irritated by willful or accidental hinderance.

A VISIT TO A WEALTHY CHINAMAN.

EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL.

BY MRS. E. S. BARNARD.

NOVEMBER 13, 1859, was the last day of my stay in Shanghai, and we were invited to visit some Chinese ladies, wives of one man. The time was fixed for 8, P. M., and we were about getting into the different "chairs" that were to convey us to the house, when we were accosted by couriers and presented with long pieces of scarlet paper, having Chinese characters written on them. These were the gentleman's cards containing his compliments, and informing us that he was ready for our reception; so off we started. The rain was pouring down, but we hardly knew it, for the noise of the chair-bearers' sandals drowned all other sounds. We reached the house in about ten minutes.

The dwellings of even the wealthiest Chinamen are very rude and plain, having very little semblance of comfort, are generally dirty, and with a disagreeable odor about them. The inside of the roof and walls presents only the rough, uncovered beams and boards, and the floors are sometimes greasy enough to slide on. At the door of our present destination we were met by the master of the house and ushered into a reception hall, which we found very prettily decorated with an imitation of rock-work made of silk, forming arches and caves. This was adorned with many pots and bunches of chrysanthemums, and illuminated with lanterns and candles, the whole presenting a very novel and pleasing appearance.

After a few moments spent in exchanging compliments and admiring this part of the entertainment, we were conducted up-stairs to see the ladies. We found them dressed in their richest attire, which consisted of very elegantly-embroidered satin trowsers and sack, their hair dressed in their own peculiar style, and adorned with flowers and a band of valuable gems, such as emeralds, rubies, etc. They appeared possessed of as much curiosity to see and examine us as we were to see them. All our conversation was interpreted by the friend who accompanied us, and through whom we obtained the invitation. The ladies showed us their jewelry, of which they had a great quantity and of great value. Some very heavy gold bracelets, the metal so pure and malleable that no clasps or hinges were needed; earrings, bands for the hair, finger-rings, and some pieces whose use I could not make out, composed the lot; and then as a finish they exhibited their watches, which were of European manufacture and very valuable.

The principal wife—there were three—wore on

the third and fourth fingers of her left hand nails about three inches long, protected by very elegantly-chased gold shields: this is a mark of high birth; it of course makes their hands quite useless, and was to our eyes a deformity; but how true is the old French proverb: "Chacun a son gout!" The Chinese, as a general thing, have beautifully-formed hands, long tapering fingers, and sloping from the third knuckles to the wrist; they are not as particular about keeping them clean as they ought to be.

The master of the house, in an earnest endeavor to amuse us, proposed to show how he smoked opium—the horrid drug in which the traffic has made thousands of the English rich and the natives of China poor in intellect and pocket. We were conducted into an adjoining chamber, where was a large couch furnished with cushions and draperies of the most costly damask; in the center of the couch was the smoking service of finely-carved silver. After lighting the little silver lamp, the performer took up on a little rod a very small quantity of the opium, and holding it over the lamp boiled it till it was properly prepared, then put it in his pipe; the pipes are very different from those used for smoking tobacco. The one we saw was a long silver tube with a very small bowl. The gentleman lay down on the couch in the most "abandon" style, put the pipe to his mouth, took one whiff and was done. They never take more than three "whiffs," as the drug is too strong to allow of more.

After this performance, we were amused with some of their fashionable music, hired performers, vocal and instrumental. The music was villainous, and enough to throw any rational audience into hysterics. This performance ended, we "chinchin'd" and departed, pleased and amused with our strange visit. I forgot to mention, that while in the ladies' rooms we were helped to refreshments consisting of hot tea, the usual prelude, and two kinds of jellies, with "melon-seeds," peanuts, and lichees—a kind of dried fruit.

THE VALE OF TEARS.

THE vale of tears is very low, and descends far beneath the ordinary level; some parts of it, indeed, are tunneled through rocks of anguish. A frequent cause of its darkness is that on either side of the valley there are high mountains, called the mountains of sin. These rise so high that they obscure the light of the sun. Behind these Andes of guilt, God hides his face, and we are troubled. If this valley were not so dark, pilgrims would not so much dread passing through it.

"SHAPES WHICH SHADOWS WERE."

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

WE find a belief in the supernatural and a love of the marvelous in every age and nation. It affects not only the rude and uncultivated, but obtains also in the polished and enlightened states of society. It is this belief which has so often, in past ages, clothed with mysterious terrors the harmless illusions produced by a disordered physical system or an overwrought fancy, converting simple monomania into demoniacal possession, which could only be cured by the severest exorcism, and even at times demanding the life of the unfortunate victim.

And even now in simple communities, where even the twilight of science has not dawned, when a group of neighbors gather around the dim firelight and listen with hushed breathing to some recital of fearful voices heard at night, of strange lights glancing over dead men's graves, of apparitions from the other world appearing to warn them of death or peril, the story is received as absolute fact, and the hearts of the hearers quake with terror lest some such mysterious visitant should be found in the doleful midnight standing by their bedside. Every fitful gleam of the embers causes a start, and the homeward journey is taken with breathless haste.

In a more advanced society the same recital would cause only an incredulous smile, and the suspicion that the narrator was not quite right "up there," tapping the forehead significantly. If he died his will would quite likely be contested, and this incident brought forward to prove his insanity. But of late years the legal as well as the medical profession have learned to regard mere hallucination, in many cases, as entirely consistent with reason; a simple physiological phenomenon; a disease to be treated by the family physician as much as a fever or a fractured arm.

Many great minds have been subject to these delusions without any suspicion of their insanity existing. Let the mind dwell long and intensely on any subject, and there is a tendency to clothe the idea in a visible form.

All are familiar with the story of the stout old Reformer hurling his inkstand at the devil, whom he firmly believed he saw standing in his chamber. Ben Jonson told a friend that he had spent a whole night watching a horde of Tartars, Turks, and Catholics fighting around his great arm-chair. Though the impression was very vivid, he attributed it to the right cause, an overwrought and highly-excited imagination.

Oliver Cromwell, as he lay stretched on his couch, weary and sleepless, beheld a gigantic woman draw aside the curtains and proclaim to him that he "should be the greatest man in England." Doubtless his own ambition bade the phantom welcome.

Pope, who was suffering from an acute disease, once asked his physician "what that arm was which came out of the wall?"

No doubt the larger share of those phantoms which have disturbed mankind, required only a little investigation to make them out as harmless as the cook's ghost, which appeared to the crew of a home-bound vessel once in the early twilight. The second mate ran down to the cabin and told the captain, in great terror, that the cook they had buried a few days before was walking on the water before the ship and all hands were on deck looking at him.

The captain, vexed at such superstition, replied, "Well, see which will reach New Castle first." But a second earnest entreaty brought him also on deck. Sure enough there was his old friend, dressed in the same gray suit, and walking over the waves with his customary rolling gait. The crew were too terrified to do any thing, so he was obliged to take the helm himself. But as they approached nearer, behold, the dreadful specter resolved itself into a floating fragment from the topmast of some unfortunate wreck. But for this solution a marvelous ghost story would have circulated among the good people of New Castle for generations, fully corroborated by a whole ship's company.

Sometimes, however, similar stories from respectable authorities are not quite so easily solved. Pliny tells, in one of his letters, of a house in Athens which was haunted by a spirit loaded with chains. The philosopher, Athenodorus, resolved to lay the spirit, and repaired to the house at nightfall, taking his light and writing tablets. At dead of night the chained man appeared and motioned with his hands. The philosopher arose and followed him down to the court-yard, where the shape sank into the ground. The spot was marked, and the next day the magistrates examined the ground and found the bones of a man in chains. They were taken out and publicly burned, after which the ghost returned no more.

Granting the story true, it is not unaccountable. The shape assumed was the precise counterpart of the one existing in the philosopher's mind, and for which he had waited long hours, while the idea of the man buried in the court-yard might have been the reminiscence of some forgotten story. The appearance might first have been conjured up by a conscience ill at ease, and in a moment of terror related to some credulous

listener, from whence it spread throughout the city, and has even come down to us.

Strange hallucinations are often met with by physicians while the patient is perfectly sane, and calmly analyzes his feelings, taking note of the strange appearances. A very remarkable case was that of a bookseller of Berlin named Nicolai, once alluded to by a most entertaining writer in the Repository. From time to time he observed the figures of people walking about in his room, conversing with each other as if in the market place. After the first alarm was over he became accustomed to his ghostly visitants, and rather enjoyed their society. He says "these visions were as distinct in company as in solitude, by day as by night, in the street as in the house. There was nothing remarkable in their looks, shape, or dress, except they were a little paler than in the natural state. My health was good, and I was so familiar with the sight that it gave me no uneasiness. Nevertheless, I sought to dispel them by suitable remedies," which remedies proved successful.

Hallucination is often a presage of insanity as well as connected with it.

A painter acquired great popularity by his correct likenesses and the short sittings he required. He could paint sometimes three hundred portraits a year. Some one asked him how it was possible for him to execute so rapidly. He replied that when a sitter came he looked attentively at him for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. "I then," said he, "removed the canvas and passed to another sitter. When I wished to continue the first, I recalled the person to my mind. I placed him in the chair, where I perceived him as distinctly as if he were really there, and I may say in form and color more decided and brilliant. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure and went on painting, occasionally stopping to examine the posture, as though the original were before me."

The short sittings and correct pictures acquired for him an extensive patronage, and he laid by a considerable sum for his family. But at length he began to lose all distinction between the real and apparent sitter, and at this point reason gave way and he was thirty years in an insane retreat. After that the darkness cleared away and he was enabled to paint nearly as well as before. His friends, however, feared the excitement would bring on another attack of his mental disease, and persuaded him to lay aside his pencil.

There was a singular patient in the asylum at Bethlem, named Blake. He was a large, powerful man, with a pale, intellectual face, and was possessed of a great amount of general informa-

tion. He was continually holding converse with the great ones of the earth, who have gone to the land of shade—chatting familiarly with Moses and the prophets, enjoying a sumptuous dinner with Semiramis, advising with kings and princes, and always having his crayons at hand to sketch the portraits of his guests. He had large volumes of these pictures, which he was very ready to explain to any one who called. Among them was a portrait of "Old Nicholas First," and his mother. Edward the Third was quite a frequent visitor, and in return for the compliment he painted his portrait in oil at three sittings.

A gentleman put some questions to him with a view to puzzle him.

"Are these illustrious visitors announced that you recognize them so readily? Do they send you their cards?"

"No; but I know them as soon as they appear. I did not expect Mark Antony last night, but I knew the old Roman as soon as he entered. Poor Job was here yesterday. He only staid two minutes. I had scarcely time to take a sketch, which I copied afterward in aqua fortis. But h' h, here is Richard the Third. It is his first visit. He stands in a good position now, and if you say a word he will go."

Blake was very happy in the society of the illustrious people who crowded his little room, and conversed with great fluency and eloquence.

An old gentleman, who died at the age of eighty, never sat down at his table the last years of his life without seeing a large company of guests around it dressed in the style of half a century before.

Hallucinations of sight and hearing seem sometimes to become epidemic, transforming clouds into armies drawn up in battle array, and filling the air with the clang of arms, the sound of trumpets, and the neighing of steeds.

Plutarch, in his Life of Coriolanus, states that in the fight against Tarquin, Castor and Pollux were seen on white horses valiantly fighting in front of the battle.

Four hundred years after the battle of Marathon the plain was said to nightly resound with the shock of armies and the neighing of horses. Even in the time of our own Revolution warlike appearances were seen in the sky and well attested by many credible witnesses.

Here, no doubt, nature became associated with the prominent idea in every mind, which was that of conflict, and the overwrought imagination catching from other minds, like the links of an electric chain, spread the panic.

Formerly but little attention was given to the treatment of hallucination. If any steps were taken, the first was usually to incarcerate the

afflicted person within the walls of an asylum. But in many cases such a course is entirely unwarrantable. Many people have eccentric opinions and beliefs who are still perfectly harmless and capable of transacting their ordinary business. But of course when the patient becomes dangerous to himself or others his liberty must be restrained. Now, most fortunately, many remedies are known for this fearful affliction, which are physical or moral according to the nature of the disease. One which has been eminently successful is the use of a cold shower-bath upon the head; also a counter irritant, as of a blister, and the old-fashioned remedy of giving the patient a sudden fright or start.

On what a delicate balance the mind rests! A straw's weight sometimes bears down the scale and we sink in hopeless night. How many of us thank God every day for the use of our reason?

Above all things, do not cultivate in the minds of your children, or cherish in your own heart, a belief in haunting ghosts, prophetic dreams, and mysterious rappings. To quote the words of the excellent contributor before referred to: "Believe every ghost bogus till he proves himself genuine by telling you something you did not know before, and that it is important for you to know. And do n't, for any thing, believe in a ghost you have not seen yourself. A *second-hand specter* is too faint and ghostly for any sensible man's faith."

THE PASTOR'S BRIDE.

BY JOSIE E. WRIGHT.

HE won her when the Spring buds
Were bursting into bloom;
When every breeze was laden
With a strangely-sweet perfume;
But our home grew sad and lonely,
And our hearts were full of gloom.

For it seemed so drear without her,
In our cottage by the sea,
That we scarce could bear the music
Of humming-bird and bee:
E'en the flowers seemed to miss her,
Our beautiful "Alee."

To the far West he bore her,
O'er prairies vast and wide;
But that young heart never faltered,
Tho' the path was all untried,
And she knew that many trials
Must await the pastor's bride.

She was ever bright and happy,
Trilling oft some joyous song,
Gathering flowers from her life-path,
Making gladness all day long;

For her love was deep and holy,
And her faith in God was strong.

But at last the Spring-time faded
Into Summer's radiant day,
Roses bursted into blossom
And as quickly passed away,
Till the calm, sweet days of Autumn
Robed the earth in bright array.

Then when Autumn's sighing breezes
Swept the leaves from flower and tree,
Back they bore our stricken treasure
To her home beside the sea,
And we knew that she was dying,
Our beloved one, sweet "Alee."

And one fair October morning
Came from 'mong the angel band
One fair form of heavenly beauty;
Took our darling by the hand;
Led her to the pearly entrance
Opening on the better land.

Thus the idol of our household
In life's morning drooped and died—
Faded like the Spring-time blossoms
From her chosen husband's side;
Deeply many true hearts mourned her,
The young pastor's gentle bride.

THE SEED.

BY T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD.

LONE child of Summer—orphaned seed!
Thrown on the icy lap of earth;
One humbler than thyself will heed
Thy loneliness and sing thy worth.

He too has known his Summer days—
Some happiness and many friends;
His life has had its sunny ways
But now in isolation ends.

Thine is no dark and cheerless doom,
For God has given thee to rise
And this fair garden reillumine
With flowering types of paradise.

Thy minstrel's is a darker doom;
No ray of hopeful light is there,
No springing flowers renaissant bloom
From out the dust of his despair.

I envy thee! for God has made
Thy life perennial—on new wing
Uplifts thee from the nether shade
To light and song—a living thing.

Thy bloom will be a singing soul,
Uprising with rejoicing hymn,
And in a fragrant anthem roll
A prayer of sweetness up to Him.

Go downward with a hymn of praise;
For thee the night will not be long;
So—hopeful of the coming days—
Go downward with a pleasant song.

METHODIST HEROINES.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL. D.

THE third volume of Stevens's History of Methodism is now in the press, at New York. We give a few excerpts, appropriate, by their subjects, to our pages. The work describes the "Seven Years' War" of internal controversy which followed Wesley's death in 1791, and lasted till 1797. It was a stormy period, during which the whole connection seemed to rock with agitation; but the historian shows that in all this strife the cause was saved by the forbearance of the preachers, one with another, and especially by the "spiritual life" which was kept up through the labors of leading evangelists. "Devout women" helped essentially to maintain this spiritual vigor in the denomination, and the history of Methodism can not fail to recognize their remarkable services. After describing a great revival, in which Bramwell was particularly active, and which spread over much of England, in the very height of the controversial agitation, the volume thus sketches the character and labors of some of these devoted disciples.—Ed.

ANN CUTLER'S CHARACTER AND USEFULNESS.

THERE were not a few "devout women," esteemed generally among the societies, whose public labors served much to maintain the spiritual integrity of the connection during these distracted times. Mary Fletcher, Sarah Crosby, Ann Tripp, Miss Barrett, and others, most of whom had been correspondents of Wesley, were more or less abroad and actively but prudently admonishing the excited people to peace and holy living. Ann Cutler had received the approbation and counsels of Wesley in her public activity among the societies: she was instrumental of the commencement of this great revival, during a visit to Bramwell, at Dewsbury. Bramwell, who published an account of her life, says, "She came to see me at Dewsbury, where religion had been and was then in a low state. In this circuit numbers had been destroyed through divisions. Ann Cutler joined us in continual prayer to God for a revival of his work. Several who were the most prejudiced were suddenly struck, and in agonies groaned for deliverance. The work continued in almost every meeting, and sixty persons in and about Dewsbury received sanctification, and walked in that liberty. Our love-feasts began to be crowded, and people from all the neighboring circuits visited us. Great numbers found pardon, and some perfect love. The work in a few weeks broke out at Greatland. Ann Cutler went over to Birstal, and was there equally blessed in her labors. She went into the Leeds circuit; and though vital religion had been very low, the Lord made use of her, at the beginning of a revival, and the work spread nearly through

the circuit. Very often ten, or twenty, or more, were saved in one meeting. She and a few more were equally blessed in some parts of Bradford and Oxley circuits. Wherever she went there was an amazing power of God attending her prayers. This was a very great trial to many of us—to see the Lord make use of such simple means, and our usefulness comparatively but small."

Ann Cutler seemed not of this world, but rather a pure being descended from heaven to bless the Church in these days of trial. She consecrated herself to a single life that she might have convenience for public usefulness. "I am thine, blessed Jesus," she wrote in a formal covenant, "I am wholly thine! I will have none but thee. Preserve thou my soul and body in thy sight. Give me strength to shun every appearance of evil. In my looks keep me pure; in my words pure—a chaste virgin to Christ forever. I promise thee upon my bended knees, that if thou wilt be mine I will be thine, and cleave to none other in this world. Amen!"

The sanctity and usefulness of her life would have recommended her, had she been a Papal nun, to the honors of canonization. Her piety rose to a fervid and refined mysticism, but was marred by no serious eccentricity of opinion or of language. It expressed itself in language remarkable for its transparent and pertinent significance, by diligent but unostentatious religious labors and a meek and self-possessed demeanor, which was characterized by a sort of pensive tenderness and a divine and tranquil ardor. The example, conversation, and correspondence of Wesley, Perronet, and Fletcher had raised up a large circle of such consecrated women, and had left with them a fragrant spirit of holiness, which was like "a sweet-smelling savor" about the altars of Methodism.

Ann Cutler seldom addressed the people in public; her power was in her prayers, which melted the most hardened assemblies. She was "instant in prayer." It was her habit to rise, like the Psalmist, at midnight to call upon God; and the time from her regular morning hour of waking—four o'clock—till five, she spent "in pleading for herself, the society, the preachers, and the whole Church." She died as she had lived. On the morning before her departure she began, before the dawn, to "ascribe glory to the ever-blessed Trinity, and continued saying—Glory be to the Father! Glory be to the Son! Glory be to the Holy Ghost! for a considerable time." At last, looking at her attendants, she exclaimed, "I am going to die; glory be to God and the Lamb forever!" These were her last words.

DINAH EVANS, THE HEROINE OF "ADAM BEDE."

It was during this period of general trial that Dinah Evans, wife of Seth Evans, himself a useful local preacher, commenced her public labors in Derbyshire. The hand of genius has portrayed her almost angelic character truthfully, though in a work of fiction, and won for her admiration and tears wherever the English language is used.* She is described as "one of the most holy and pure-minded women that ever adorned the Church of Christ on earth." In her childhood she was remarkable for her docility, conscientiousness, and sweet disposition. Her early girlhood was consecrated to religion, and when Wesley's travels and labors had raised up throughout the land societies, in the social worship of which women were allowed to share, her rare natural talents formed an appropriate sphere of usefulness, a privilege which no other denomination except Quakerism then afforded. She preached in cottages and sometimes in the open air; her appearance, her womanly delicacy, and her affecting eloquence subdued the rudest multitudes into reverence and tenderness toward her, and she assisted, in an extraordinary degree, in laying the foundations of the Church in many benighted districts. She was a constant visitor to the abodes of the poor and wretched, to prisons and alms-houses; she penetrated even into the dens of crime and infamy; the charm of her benign presence and speech securing her not only protection but affectionate welcome among the most brutal men. She even followed the penitent murderess to the gallows, ministering the word of life to her, till the last moment, amid the pitiless and jeering throng. Caroline Fry, the Quaker philanthropist, could not fail to sympathize with such a woman; she became her friend and counselor, and encouraged her in her beneficent work. Dinah Evans represented in her gentle but ardent nature the best traits of both Quakerism and Methodism.

Seth Evans, then a class-leader, heard her at Ashbourn; he has left a brief allusion to the occasion. "The members of my class," he says, "invited me to go to Ashbourn with them to hear

a pious and devoted female from Nottingham preach. Truly it may be said of her, she was a burning and a shining light. She preached with great power and unction from above to a crowded congregation. Her doctrine was sound and simple. Simplicity, love, and sweetness were blended in her. Her whole heart was in the work. She was made instrumental in the conversion of many sinners. The morning of the resurrection will reveal more than we know of her usefulness."

She became his wife and assistant in humble efforts for the religious improvement of the rustic inhabitants of Rostan and its neighboring villages. A great religious interest soon ensued in that town, where there had been but few Methodists, and in Luelston, where there were none. Hundreds flocked to hear the Gospel from her lips, in the open air and in barns, for the cottages could not accommodate the crowds. Classes and prayer meetings were established in many private houses; the "village ale-houses were deserted," and a visible change came over the whole region. The example of her interest for the poor excited the charity of her neighbors, and the afflicted found sympathy and relief, such as they never before received.

Seth and Dinah Evans founded Methodism in Edlaston, which, before his death, was adorned with a substantial Wesleyan chapel. They removed from Rostan to Derby. It is said that old men, who were then little children, still recall the sorrowful day of their departure from the village; for it was mourned as a day of bereavement, not only to the poor but to all its families. They founded Methodism in Derby by forming a class. They preached out of doors in all the adjacent villages. At Millhouse, about thirteen miles from Derby, Seth Evans organized a society of four members, who soon increased to between twenty and thirty, and afforded two preachers to the Conference, one of whom became a missionary to the West Indies. His wife also began a class of three or four females; in a short time she had three such weekly meetings under her care. They frequently walked fifteen miles on Sunday, and preached twice. "Never," he wrote, years after her death, "never did I hear my dear wife complain. On the contrary, she always held up my hands and urged me to take up my cross, and not grow weary in well-doing. A few years after our arrival at Millhouse, a great revival broke out in Wirksworth, and also at our factory. There was a most powerful shaking among the hardest and worst sinners. We all had to work hard in the meetings, praying with penitents till we were spent. Those were, indeed, happy days. There are a few left who

* Adam Bede. By George Eliot. A fiction which will last probably as long as any of Scott's, and the real heroine of which is Dinah Evans. It will be a satisfaction to most readers of this remarkable production, to learn that the heroine married, not Adam Evans, as the author represents, but his brother Seth. The sermon of Dinah on the public green is no exaggerated example of her talents and beautiful character, if we may judge from more authentic accounts of her. See Seth Evans, the "Methody;" his life and labors; chiefly written by himself. Tallant & Co. London. 1850.

witnessed those happy scenes, but the greater part of the converts have gone to their rest."

Dinah Evans died at Wirksworth of a lingering disease, during which it is said that sermons were heard from her death-bed "more eloquent than ever fell from her lips on Rostan green." She passed away with the meek, unutterable peace which had given so much dignity and grace to her life. Her husband could not but suffer deeply from the loss of such a wife. It shattered his health; his faculties began to fail; he could seldom allude to her without tears. Unable to preach any more, he spent the remaining years of his life in visiting the sick and the dying, and at last, with unfaltering hope, departed to rejoin her in heaven. So exemplary and beautiful with holiness had been their united lives, that one who knew them well, but cared not for his own soul, said he did not believe that our first parents in Eden were more pure than they.

Such examples of rare character and usefulness in humble life are seldom favored with the recognition of the historian; but the truer instinct of higher genius perceives their affecting and often sublime significance to our common humanity; and Dinah Evans and the "Dairyman's Daughter" live in our literature, teaching and consoling hundreds of thousands for whom most of the great names of history have little or no meaning.* No history of Methodism that omits such cases can be complete; they are among its most genuinely-historical facts. Lowly laborers, like these, have not only exemplified its best spirit, but have promoted its progress hardly less effectively than its more eminent representatives.

HESTER ANN ROGERS—HER BLESSED DEATH.

The name of Hester Ann Rogers is historical and saintly in the annals of early Methodism. For more than half a century her "Memoirs," notwithstanding some marked defects that might well be expunged, have had a salutary influence on the spiritual life of the denomination, especially among her own sex. The wife of an eminent itinerant, her Christian labors in England and Ireland were scarcely less useful than his own. She was Wesley's housekeeper at City Road Chapel, and ministered to him in his last hours.† She was a witness for the Methodist

teachings respecting Christian perfection, and Fletcher found in her religious conversation and correspondence aid and consolation to his own sanctified spirit. Being in her company, on one occasion, he took her by the hand, after hearing her remarks on this subject, and said, "Glory be to God; for you, my sister, still bear a noble testimony for your Lord. Do you repent your confession of his salvation?" She answered, "Blessed be God, I do not." When departing he again took her by the hand, saying, with eyes and head uplifted, "Bless her, heavenly Redeemer!" "It seemed," she writes, "as if an instant answer was given and a beam of glory let down! I was filled with deep humility and love; yea, my whole soul overflowed with unutterable sweetness." This hallowed and happy temper marked her whole Christian life. She was a class-leader, and sometimes had three weekly meetings of this kind to conduct, devolving upon her the spiritual care of nearly a hundred members. Like many other early Methodist women, she often preached in a modest way. Her addresses were marked by her good sense, and quiet, moral power. Her prayers were especially significant and impressive; "the divine unction which attended them, added to the manner in which she pleaded with God for instantaneous blessings, was," says her biographer, "very extraordinary, and was generally felt by all present."

She was generally known in the Methodist societies, and in the midst of their present trying exigencies they were called to mourn her sudden decease. She left them, however, by a death which was full of pathetic beauty, though attended by the saddest anguish of her sex. After giving birth to her seventh child, she "lay composed for more than half an hour, with heaven in her countenance, praising God for his mercy to her, and expressing her gratitude to all around." She took her husband's hand and said, "My dear, the Lord has been very kind to us. O he is good, he is good! But I will tell you more by and by." In a few minutes afterward her whole frame was agitated in a manner not to be described. After a severe struggle, bathed with a clammy, cold sweat, she laid her head on her husband's bosom and said, "I am going!" "Is Jesus precious?" he asked her. "Yes; O yes!" she replied. He added, "My dearest love, I know Jesus Christ has long been your all in all; can you now tell us he is so?" "I can—he is—yes—but I am not able to speak." He again said, "O, my dearest, it is enough." She then attempted to lift up her sinking head to his, and "kissed him with her quivering lips and latest breath." She died in 1794, aged thirty-nine

* It was in these troubled times of Methodism that the Dairyman's Daughter joined the Methodists and pursued her humble course of usefulness on the Isle of Wight. See Vol. II, b. 5, c. 11.

† See Vol. II, b. 5, c. 12. She was one of his correspondents. See his letters to her, numbers 1231-1245. Works, Vol. VII, pp. 189-197. New York. 1839.

years, during twenty of which she had walked continually with God.

LAST DAYS OF MARY FLETCHER.

Mary Fletcher continued her useful labors throughout the whole of this period in Madely and its vicinity. The posthumous influence of her husband there has already been alluded to.* Near the beginning of this decade, a traveling preacher observed, that such a spirit of piety prevailed, for several miles in and about Madely, as he had no where else witnessed. The saintly vicar's influence was perpetuated in the person of his wife for thirty years after his death. Her home at Madely was a sanctuary to the poor, to devout women, to the itinerant evangelist; many are the allusions in the cotemporary Methodist books to its Christian hospitality, its instructive conversations about the "deep things of God," its frequent meetings for prayer and Scripture exposition by its aged hostess. She suffered much from ill health, but continued her preaching in the neighboring hamlets as well as at home. She enjoyed her declining life, for, notwithstanding her ill health, it was sunny with light from heaven. "Of all my situations," she wrote in 1809, alluding to the various stages of her life, "none hath been equal to this. O the loving-kindness of God! I am in a most peaceful habitation; and some of the clusters of grapes from Canaan I do taste of, and sit as on the banks of Jordan, waiting to be taken over."

She commemorated yearly, by holy exercises, the anniversary of her wedding and of her husband's death. On the 12th of November of this year she wrote: "Twenty-eight years this day, and at this hour, I gave my hand and heart to John William de la Fletcher; a blessed period of my life! I feel at this moment a more tender affection toward him than I did at that time, and by faith I now join my hand afresh with his." She believed that his beloved spirit still communed with hers, and she lived in habitual readiness to rejoin him among the angels of God. Her sufferings increased as she advanced toward her end, but she is able to write as late as July, 1814, "How tenderly the Lord deals with me! I am very weak, and yet am oft, five times a week, able to be in my meetings, and yet I have strength to speak so that all may hear, and the Lord is very present with us. Lord, fill my soul with abundant praise!"

She began the next year, the seventy-sixth of her life, with the record, "O I long that the year fifteen may be the best of all my life!" She was not to be disappointed, for it was to conclude her

long pilgrimage. On the fourteenth of the ensuing August she writes, "Thirty years this day I drank the bitter cup and closed the eyes of my beloved husband; and now I am myself in a dying state. Lord, prepare me! I feel death very near. My soul doth wait and long to fly to the bosom of my God! Come, my adorable Savior! I lie at thy feet!"

The closing scene of her life becomes more solemnly beautiful as it approaches. With increasing illness she continues her Christian labors. "It is as if every meeting would take away my life," she says, "but I will speak to them while I have any breath." On the 27th of September she writes, "O show thy lovely face! Draw me more close to thyself! I long, I wait for a closer union. It is amazing under how many complaints I still live. But they are held by the hand of the Lord. On the Monday evenings I have had some power to read and speak at the room till the nights grow dark; but on Sunday noon I have yet liberty, though my eyes are so bad. The Lord helps me wonderfully. In the class also, in the morning, the Lord doth help." About a month later—October 26th—she says, "I have had a bad night, but asking help of the Lord for closer communion, my precious Lord applied that word, 'I have borne thy sins in my body upon the tree.' I feel his presence. I seem very near death; but I long to fly into the arms of my beloved Lord. I feel that his loving-kindness surrounds me." This was the last entry in her Journal. On the 9th of December she entered into her eternal rest. "I am drawing near to glory." "There is my house and portion fair!" "Jesus, come, my hope of glory!" "He lifts his hands and shows that I am graven there," were among her latest utterances. "The Lord bless both thee and me!" she said to a Christian friend, and died. "Her countenance," writes this lady, "was as sweet a one as was ever seen in death. There was, at the last, neither sigh, groan, or struggle; and she had all the appearance of a person in the most composed slumber." Like her husband she was mourned by the whole surrounding community; for she had been a "burning and a shining light" among them from their childhood. Not only by her public labors, but by her visits to the afflicted and her charities had she endeared herself to them. Her chief, if not her only fault, was, that she denied herself too rigorously for their relief. A friend who made up her accounts for her last year, reports that her whole expenditure, on her own apparel, amounted to nineteen shillings and sixpence; "the expense was not always so severe," it is added, "but it never amounted to five pounds per annum." Her "poor's account" for the same

* See Vol. I, b. 5, c. 9.

year amounted to nearly one hundred and eighty pounds. She lived only for eternity, and thereby attained a happy life in both worlds. Her preaching is described as very modest, instructive, and impressive, and the good results of the neighboring places of worship, established and supplied by her husband and herself, long remained visible. Some time after her death Joseph Entwisle visited Madely. "I preached," he wrote, "in the Tythe Barn, adjoining to the vicarage, which was furnished with benches and a desk by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. Hundreds of people were stowed together, insomuch that I could scarcely squeeze through them to the desk. The barn seems to have been built two hundred years. It is open to the roof, thatched with straw, and all the windows except one are made of oiled paper. My soul was filled with a pleasingly-awful sense of the Divine presence; and the recollection of the blessed couple—though I never saw their faces—helped me while I spoke. It is easy to preach here; I could have continued at it all night. The apparent seriousness, earnestness, and zeal of the people were delightful." He preached also on a week-day at Colebrooke Dale, where hundreds crowded to hear him. Fletcher provided this chapel also, and hewed out of the solid rock with his own hands the first stone for it. "When I thought," says Entwisle, "here Fletcher lived and labored, I breathed after his spirit. O may I follow him as he followed Christ!" The same evening he preached in the chapel in Madely Wood to an immense crowd, who testified still by their earnest spirit to the abiding influence of the two departed saints who had rendered their rural parish memorable and hallowed. He adds, "This chapel was erected by Mr. Fletcher, as also another by Mrs. Fletcher in another part of the parish; so that three Methodist chapels are provided in Madely parish by that blessed couple, in which it is hoped the Gospel will be preached for centuries; and if the vicarage barn be not used another chapel will be used in its stead. The present curate showed me Mr. Fletcher's vicarage, church, entries of baptisms and burials, and his tomb; every thing respecting him is interesting to me. I talked to the curate about his soul, and what I said was attended with the Divine blessing; he went home weeping and praying. To all eternity I hope to praise God for my visit to the parish where Fletcher labored and died. O may I partake of his spirit more and more! His parishioners seem to have a good degree of it. Perhaps to the end of time the fruit of his labors will remain and his memory be precious."

For nearly half a century the record of her—Mary Fletcher—life has been a familiar book in

Methodist families throughout the world, and has tended to perpetuate the primitive spirit of Methodism among them.

LADY MARY FITZGERALD.

But a few months before the death of Mary Fletcher one of her friends, and one of the few of noble rank whom Methodism rescued from the irreligion of the fashionable life of the day, died in the faith and was mourned with sincere affection by the Wesleyan community. Lady Mary Fitzgerald had seen a large number of her aristocratic kindred wrecked by the vices of the times. Few families of the nobility presented, in that day, more melancholy examples of moral self-ruin. Three of her brothers were successively Earls of Bristol; one of them became infamous by his domestic life; another died in dishonor, a deposed bishop. One of her own sons, carried away by the tide of aristocratic vice, shot his coachman and was publicly hanged. Her husband sunk under the prevalent corruption, and she was compelled to seek the protection of the law against his conduct. Lady Mary was the daughter of John, Lord Hervey, and granddaughter of John, Earl of Bristol. Her high position in society and at court, as Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess Amelia Sophia, gave her ample means of estimating the hollow life and moral wretchedness of the fashionable world. In the prime of her days she turned from the glittering scene to the devoted men and women who, under the common title of Methodists, were attempting to recall the country to better views of its acknowledged faith. She joined one of Wesley's societies, became a correspondent of him, of Venn, Fletcher, Brockenbury, and other leaders of the Methodistic movement, and an ornament to the circle of "devout women" which gathered around the Countess of Huntington. During the visit of Fletcher and his wife to Dublin she was a guest with them at the same hospitable house, and their friendship was terminated only by death. At the division between the Calvinistic and Arminian Methodists she adhered to Wesley, and, notwithstanding her exalted rank, lived and died one of the most exemplary members of the connection. An eminent divine of the Establishment says that "she joined herself to the company of the most excellent Christians of whom she could hear, and became a 'companion of all them that fear God and keep his righteous judgments.' She 'walked in newness of life' from newness of spirit; and while the superficial might suppose that, to one of her previous character, but little change was necessary, 'old things indeed passed away, behold all things became new!' A new creed, a new circle

of acquaintance, and attendance on places of worship of a new description constituted but a very small part, even of the outward change. The employment of her whole time and of her wealth, her conduct and converse in all the relations of life, were totally altered. As far as her situation in the attendance of a princess would permit—and this was only for a time and occasionally—every thing splendid or expensive was wholly renounced; all the pomp and decorations attached to her rank were given up, and a style of plainness and simplicity adopted, in all particulars, far beyond what is usual among inferior professors of the same holy truths; indeed, even more than in most instances would be desirable; but in her case the entire consistency of her conduct prevented all possibility of misconception. From the time that I first had the honor and pleasure of becoming acquainted with her, she was, in my judgment, as dead to the world and every thing in it as any person with whom I ever conversed."

Like her friend in Madely, she abounded in alms. She retrenched all superfluous expenses, and her whole income above her own necessities was devoted to the poor and religious charities. She is described as "indeed 'harmless and blameless,' 'without rebuke,' 'shining as a light in the world,' as even those allowed who were by no means favorable to her religious sentiments; an example of meekness, affection, and propriety of conduct in all the relations of life, so that they who were of the contrary part had no evil thing to say of her."

The same writer speaks of the influence of her religious conversation as singularly impressive, and says: "Indeed, I scarcely ever experienced such an effect from any book or sermon, however excellent. There was, as it appeared to me, or rather as I felt it, a sort of heavenly atmosphere around her." "I have known this excellent lady," wrote another of her friends, "above twenty years, and never saw her superior in humility, charity, and entire devotedness to God. Her conversation, her thoughts, her affections were in heaven."

She remained to an extreme age an admirable example of the elder Methodism, and loved it and its founder so ardently as to order, in her will, that her corpse should be interred in City Road Chapel burial-ground among the dead who were endeared to her by associations more precious than those which belonged to the sepulchers of her titled kindred. Benson visited her a short time before her death. He says, "She is now become exceedingly feeble, sinking fast into the grave; but her faculties do not seem much, if any, impaired, except her hearing, which is very imper-

fect. And the graces of God's Spirit, especially humility, resignation, and patience, are in lively exercise. She is evidently ripening fast for glory; and, I doubt not, whenever she is called, will change mortality for life. Happy was the choice she made, when she gave up the gay world, and the pleasures of a court, for the cross and the reproach of Christ."

She died a painful but blessed death. On the 8th of April, 1815, when she was nearly ninety years old, her clothes caught fire, and her servants, hastening to her, found her wrapped in flames. She lingered till the next day, with a faith which triumphed over her agonies. "I might as well go home this way as any other," she said to her family. Her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus! My blessed Redeemer, come and receive my spirit." A monument, placed in the City Road Chapel by her family, commemorates her virtues, and testifies to the Methodists of our day the fidelity of this high-born lady to their cause, in the times when their name was an epithet of reproach and scorn. Not her honorable birth, but her humble Christian life may well be their boast.

MUSINGS.

BY MRS. LOUISA B. ELA.

Musing in the tender gloaming,
 Busy fancies throng my brain;
 Now the dream-eyed priestess, Memory,
 Sendeth forth her mystic train,
 Visions robed in hues of gladness,
 Or in garniture of pain;

And the past, with all its promise,
 With its sunshine and its tears,
 Wakens in the yearning present,
 For the future, restless fears;
 And my heart with anxious throbbing
 Counts the march of coming years.

By the portal of the unknown,
 Hope, the rose-wreathed angel, stands,
 Chants a song of promised gladness,
 While she beckons with her hands—
 Points beyond the sea of sorrow
 To the future's golden strands.

Musing in the early starlight,
 Peace that passeth thought is given,
 While upon my weary spirit
 Rests a calm that breathes of heaven,
 And the light of joy is beaming
 Like the holy star of even.

O, my heart, be hushed thy throbblings,
 Let the past the future tell,
 What though clouds thy morning shadow
 Grief's dark surges round thee swell!
 Trust the Arm that still shall save thee.
 His who "doeth all things well."

THE EASTER FESTIVAL IN VOLHYNIA.
TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

THE last two weeks which I have passed in Russian Poland have been too delightfully spent to be soon forgotten. The remembrance of them still glances and sparkles with diamond-like brilliancy over my mind. The newly-awakened joy created by the advance of Spring, and the touching solemnity of the "Resurrection Festival," united to form and leave so lovely a picture on my imagination that I can not repress my inclination to give you a description of the ceremonies as practiced in the Greek Church, which, as you well know, is the religion of Russia. Although the time of Church festivals is the same with that of the Roman Catholic, their tenets differ widely. The members of the Greek Church disown the authority of the Pope, and deny that the Church of Rome is the true Church. They deny that there is any such place as purgatory; neither do they lay any claim to the character of infallibility. They admit of no image in relief or embossed work; and although they ornament their churches with paintings, they are not regarded as objects of worship, neither do they pay any religious homage to the eucharist. They observe a number of holy days, and keep four fasts in the year more solemn than the rest, of which the fast in Lent, before Easter, is the chief. They approve of the marriage of priests, but as most of them are very poor and their salaries very small, many of them remain single and live in monasteries with other monks, who are all priests and obliged to follow some handicraft employment, and lead a very austere life. You will, therefore, know that, in speaking of the monastery and cloister, these institutions are not of the Romish order, but much more resemble the "brethren-houses" of the Moravians.

A week before Easter the preparations for the Easter festival began. Several preliminary meetings were held, which were well attended, and it was a beautiful sight to see persons of all ages coming from all directions to join in the celebration of the "Resurrection Festival." You can not imagine any more charming region than this portion of Russian Poland. Even the Winter foreboded the charms which nature should awaken; but now that the Spring has really come, its beauty so far surpasses all our expectations, we are as much astonished as though, having dwelt with one whom we considered as possessing but a fair or ordinary share of capacity, we should all at once discover that the individual possessed a soul filled with an inconceivable

wealth of poetry and genius. The suddenness with which Winter has changed into Spring is wonderful; the moss-covered rocks, the gently-flowing river, the dark pine forests and naked woods of oak, all so lately shrouded in ice and snow, have almost as rapidly, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, been transformed into images of glowing beauty, making all around us seem like a paradise. And as if all were anxious to participate in this festival of nature as well as of the soul, groups of well-dressed people, young, middle-aged, and old, were seen coming at an early hour, and having reached the hill on which the convent stood, waited there till their venerable pastor appeared. All looked lovely—beautifully suggestive of the resurrection we are taught to expect for the perishing body was nature, now fully awakened from her wintery sleep. The waves of the river at our feet played and sparkled in the morning sun; the surrounding and the far-off hills were clothed in a garb of tenderest green; the trees were full of buds, some of them already unfolding into leaves; the air was filled with the odors of Spring; the lark mounted high above our heads, chanting his song among the clouds, and the blackbird in the forest below us joined the hymn of nature there, not less acceptable because more lowly and offered in this silvan temple.

The children ran about with bouquets of spring flowers in their hands, which they exchanged with each other or gave away; the young girls, attired in the becoming dress of the Polish women, wandered about at their pleasure, till the silver-haired pastor was seen advancing from his humble cottage, when they all hastened to meet and greet him with a cordiality that proved how much he was esteemed. The courtesy was reciprocated—one spirit seemed to reign over all; the old man's face was mild—his gentle smile harmonized well with the calm and peaceful brightness of the landscape—he looked as if glorified by the holiness of surrounding nature. All followed him into the cloister, where there was catechising and other Church exercises to be carried on; but I, who understand but little of the Polish language, chose rather to remain without and wander where I pleased. The wide temple of nature, sublimely rude or tenderly beautiful—contrasting the rugged rocks and barren hills on one side with the verdure and cultivated richness on the other—was a fitting place for the exercise of devotion, and I preferred to worship there amid the harmonies that are inseparable from it. And filled with joy and gratitude, I listened to the well-known speech of winds and waves and birds, and a voice within my heart echoed their songs of praise.

Their preliminary services were continued till the end of the week, and concluded with the administration of the communion supper. On the morning of the last day at sunrise the congregation assembled around the altar; and as I saw the long silvered locks of the pastor mingle with the golden-hued tresses of some kneeling little maiden—for children are not forbidden to come—as he bent over her to speak some word of comfort or advice, I was less reminded of the difference between youth and age than of his official likeness to the good Shepherd, who cares for the least and humblest of his flock.

A copy of one of the most beautiful of Raphael's pictures—that of the Sistine Madonna—adorned the high altar, before which the mass and congregational communion was held. The older portion of the assembly first, next the nuns* belonging to the cloister, then the children, kneeled on the steps of the altar—boys clothed in white, emblematic of something, the meaning of which I could not exactly understand, moved about between the priest and the kneeling multitude, reminding one of floating clouds. Flowers and tapers adorned the altar; the odor of incense that filled the chapel, the song of the congregation, the seriousness of the children, and the devotion of all, united to make a deep impression on me, although of a different faith from theirs.

Every day during the Passion week, in all of the churches in the city, including also the Romish, a hymn of lamentation—a relic of the times of the primitive Christians—was sung, the mournful cadences of which seemed to embody the woes of the whole world.

The Jews also observe a Church festival at this time. They celebrate the feast of the passover on Good Friday; but their exercises differ essentially from those performed in the other Churches. Instead of any figurative worship, calculated to call up recollections of the great Sacrifice, the tabernacle is adorned with flowers, gay ornaments, and brilliant lights, as though for a festival of rejoicing, presenting a pageant strangely at variance with the solemn observances of the Christian Churches. Still, by a strange inconsistency, hardly any one fails to visit it on that day. No matter to what denomination they belong, whether member of Greek, Romish, or Lutheran Church, all crowd thither—those who have helped to sing the Lament an hour or two before with great seeming devotion, lady and peasant woman, alike anxious to gratify their curiosity, go there

in the deep mourning garb, in which most of them array themselves on Good Friday. This, however, is the only departure from the solemn rules otherwise observed so strictly. They fast throughout the whole day, neither Pole nor Russian taking any food till near midnight.

On Saturday afternoon the *Swentzone*, or feast of the passover, is eaten, each family providing abundantly for its own use, and hospitality is at this time practiced on a large scale. A room is especially prepared—sprinkled with holy water and blessed by the priest; the walls are covered with garlands of spruce pine and flowers, between which are placed lights wreathed with green, making the effect most imposing. A long time is required in order to have all in readiness for this festival; for not only many peculiar dishes of meat, never used except on such occasions, have to be compounded, but bread of all kinds. Cakes, tarts—every thing, in short, belonging to the family of dough, the making of which has occupied the mistress of the household and the cook for weeks, are now arranged in due order on the table, each one ornamented with a figure of the paschal lamb, made of confectionery, and deemed indispensable.

No trouble is spared to render the feast inviting. Indeed, the previous fasting would make it so were it less richly prepared; but instead of hermit's fare, all is now rather on the luxurious order, many costly ingredients being used, which, at another time, would be considered extravagant. During the festival of the *Swentzone*, all distinction is merged in the claim of universal brotherhood. All visitors, whether rich or poor, are invited to partake—servants and beggars also receive a liberal portion.

At midnight exactly, all being in readiness, when Saturday night is about to be changed into the Sabbath morning, the Resurrection Festival is celebrated, both in the Greek and Romish churches. In the former, which are brilliantly lighted, the solemnities continue till morning. The seeming untimeliness of the hour offered no hinderance to the large procession which marched in regular order to the church. It was composed of the upper classes, the officers of the civil government as well as those of the military; who, accompanied with their wives and daughters, all in their gala day dresses, took part in the exercises and proceeded to the cathedral. The better portion found place within; those who did not remained contentedly on the outside; while the priests, dressed in their most splendid robes, and the chorister boys sung the old Easter song in the primitive Slavonic, the chorus, "*Cristos was kras*"—Christ is risen—being echoed by the congregation till the house shook.

* The Greek Church has very few nunneries, and those who enter them do so from choice—they are also more of "sister's houses" than convents.

The street which led to this church was brilliantly lighted with lamps, so as almost to rival the day; and during the whole night people were passing to and fro in lively movement—the number increased as the morning advanced, and by sunrise the way was completely blocked up.

The officers of every rank, from the general with his aids to the town beadle with his staff, are obliged to visit the governor, heads of department, and superior commanders, and offer good wishes; making this first carnival day one of real labor, and doubly so after the vigil of the preceding night, a greater part of which was passed in the church.

All the servants and work-people greet each member of families in which they are employed with the words, "*Cristos vos kras*," and present them with colored eggs for an Easter gift, as they consider the egg emblematic of the resurrection, and of the life that is within it breaking the bonds of the tomb. These are always offered and always accepted, and never fail to meet with a return, generally in money, ribbons, jewelry, or something of the kind. In the houses of the Russians, however, the courtesy is carried further, for the greeting gift is not only accepted and returned, but accompanied by the "Easter kiss," which the lowliest serf receives from his lord, and the rudest soldier from his general.

The Polish children receive, at Easter, gifts much in the manner that those of other countries do at Christmas; and the servants especially look forward to the festival with peculiar pleasure, for then they get new clothes sufficient to serve them for the coming year.

For more than a fortnight before, the shopkeepers begin to prepare Easter eggs for sale, and such is the demand for them that they must be bespoke in ample time, lest they might not be procured. From morning till night visits and greetings are exchanged; and although practiced by a rude people, and a relic of early ages when symbols and a figurative worship were necessary, it is a beautiful custom among Christian people to keep up the memory of the great atonement by this exchange of courtesy and good-will to each other.

Have acquaintances not met for a long time—have friends been divided by discord and mistrust—have members of families misunderstood each other and coldness chilled the warmth of the domestic circle—have circumstances estranged those who love each other, the Resurrection Festival brings all together, and, beautifully emblematic of the final meeting in a world where there is no dissension, reconciles the divided, restores the broken friendships, and renews the holy sympathies which ought to exist among

that race for whose salvation One died and rose again from the dead.

As among the Orientals a cake broken and eaten is a pledge of amity, or as at Christmas many Europeans exchange gifts in token of esteem, so among the Poles and Russians are eggs exchanged, and often preserved for years as surety of a renewal of bonds which some slight cause had dissevered.

The city, even in the remotest streets, wore the appearance of a gala day. All the shops were closed; for—as was before stated—the Jews were celebrating their feast of the passover. Splendid equipages belonging to the nobility, and countless droskies rolled over the paved streets, speaking well for the skill of their respective Jehus, inasmuch as they kept clear of running into each other while they dashed along in seeming carelessness. Helmets and gay uniforms glittered in the sunbeams, and dresses bright and gaudy in hue as those worn by butterflies, helped to give brightness to the picture. Groups of happy-looking people were standing about; some were laughing, some embracing; on the right and left long-bearded peasants were seen kissing each other, and from all sides was heard the general greeting echoing from every lip, "*Cristos vos kras*."

On the second day of the festival all solemnity was at an end and a real carnival time commenced. This was the day for the populace, and engaging in such rude pastimes as suited their peculiar tastes, pursued them on the outside of the city, the grass-covered common in the suburbs affording convenient space. Swinging, rope-dancing, flying horses, in all which amusements it seemed scarcely matter of doubt but that some necks would be broken, so adventurous were the feats practiced. I did not stay long to contemplate what made me nervous and uneasy; so turning away I found a less alarming spectacle in watching the heavy flourerings of some peasant dancers, who would certainly never be accused of moving on "light, fantastic toe," which expression, worn out as it is with us, they had never heard. I was not suffered to watch their awkward capers long, the discordant music from instruments, of which I could not learn the names, grated painfully on my ears, and I walked on in hopes of finding something more pleasant. Alas! no; for man's strange inconsistency—his proneness to mingle evil even among good—was evident everywhere. Booths, where gambling was being carried on, were full to overflowing. Tents, where fruits, cakes, and strong drinks were sold, found many customers; and the money received as an Easter-gift on the day before was soon exchanged—

it had been well if only for nuts and oranges; but, unhappily, it went for kvass and Russian brandy.

Still, although I had heard much of serfdom and oppressed Poland, I was pleased with the personal appearance of the Polish peasants, who, for the most part, were well dressed, and the women handsome. I could not say the same of the Russians, although as a body, and dressed in their new clothes, they looked well. The young girls wore their hair gathered in a sort of crown wreathed in the shape of a basket, and filled with flowers, from which depended many bright-colored ribbons, that fell upon the neck or floated like streamers in the wind, forming a head-dress graceful and becoming. Here and there was a Russian peasant or *yametschik*—teamster—looking quite picturesque with his heavy beard, red blouse over black trousers, and little round hat, ornamented with a feather; while his wife, although offering a strong contrast to the Polish women, was by no means without interest, and looked well in her trim crimson bodice and light-colored head-dress.

It was not only by the dwellers in the city—not only in those churches where the pealing organ and anthems sounded, and accompanied by the cloud of incense wafted by the smoking censers, that this festival of rejoicing had been celebrated. The whole world without, with its wealth of flowers and music of birds, seemed to rejoice in the Resurrection Festival as in a new creation, and join in its celebration. It did one good to escape, for a space, from the busy tide of life that was rolling through the streets, and wander among the sacred solitudes of the hills. There the violet and the primrose exhaled their sweets unseen by man, but not less gratefully did their perfume ascend to God, that they were so lowly. No voice of anthem and no peal of organ came more acceptably before the great Hearer of prayer than the song of the birds that sung from the forests, and no works of man, as displayed in the specimens of art ever found in cities, could compare with the beautiful valley that looked as if it had come but now from the Creator's hand. Little villages, surrounded with green meadows and fields of springing grain, peeped out from between the branches of the birch-trees, whose perfumed leaves were now nearly expanded to full size. Lively goats were seen climbing up the steep rocks, and upon many a mountain path on either side of the river, which seemed to have divided the mountain to form a bed for its waters, was seen foot passengers going to and fro in their holiday garb. Light strokes of oars were splashing in the waves below, keeping time with the songs of the boatmen who

swayed them; the lark still trilled her melodious cadences; and as the sun began to sink behind the distant hills the vesper-bell sent its mellowed sound over the waters and proclaimed the approach of evening, once more calling the devout to prayer. All had been bright and joyful in the glancing morning sunlight, and now, in the solemn calm of coming twilight, all was holy and peaceful. It had been a festival in every sense to all of us, particularly to me: the anniversary of the Savior's resurrection—the emblem of our own; new life within and without; hope and happiness in the valley and external world. Confidence, trust, and a bright faith took possession of our hearts as we more and more recognized the value of that beautiful belief that assures us we, too, shall arise from the dust of the grave and put on immortality.

TO THE MOUNTAINS.

BY ELIHU MASON MORSE.

MOUNTAINS! who built you? Who laid your awful foundations in the central fires and piled your rocks and snows among the clouds? Who placed you in the gardens of the world, like noble altars, on which to offer the sacrificial gifts of many nations? Who reared your rocky walls in the barren desert, like towering pyramids—like monumental mounds—like giants' graves—like dismantled piles of royal ruins, telling a mournful tale of glory, once bright but now fled forever, as flee the dreams of a mid-summer's night? Who gave you a home in the islands of the sea—those emeralds that gleam among the waves—those stars of ocean that mock the beauty of the stars of night?

Mountains! I know who built you. It was God. His name is written on your foreheads. He laid your corner-stones on that glorious morning when the orchestra of heaven sounded the anthem of creation. He clothed your high, imperial forms in royal robes. He gave you a snowy garment, and wove for you a cloudy vail of crimson and gold. He crowned you with a diadem of icy jewels—pearls from arctic seas—gems from the frosty pole.

Mountains! ye are glorious things. Ye stretch your granite arms away toward the vales of the undiscovered; ye have a longing for immortality.

But, mountains! ye long in vain. I called you glorious, and truly, too; but your glory is like that of the starry heavens—it shall pass away at the trumpet-blast of the angel of the Most High. And yet ye are worthy of a high and eloquent eulogium. Ye were the lovers of

the daughters of the gods; ye are the lovers of the daughters of liberty and religion now; and in your old and feeble age the children of the skies shall honor your bald heads. The clouds of heaven—those ghosts of mythic deities—those shadows of Olympian power—those spectral phantoms of dead Titans—kiss your summits as guardian angels kiss the brow of infant nobleness. On your sacred rocks I see the footprints of the Creator: I see the blazing fires of Sinai and hear its awful voice: I see the tears of Calvary, and listen to its mighty groans.

Mountains! ye are proud and haughty things. Ye hurl defiance at the storm, the lightning, and the wind; ye look down with deep disdain upon the thunder-cloud; ye scorn the devastating tempest; ye despise the works of puny man; ye shake your rock-ribbed sides with giant laughter when the great earthquake passes by.

Mountains! ye are growing old. Your ribs of granite are getting weak and rotten; your muscles are losing their fatness; your hoarse voices are heard only at distant intervals; your volcanic heart throbs feebly, and your lava-blood is thickening, as the winters of many ages gather their chilling snows around your venerable forms. The brazen sunlight laughs in your old and wrinkled faces; the pitying moonlight nestles in your hoary locks; and the silvery starlight rests upon you like the halo of inspiration that crowned the heads of dying patriarchs and prophets. Mountains! ye must die. Old Father Time, that sexton of earth, has dug you a deep, dark tomb, and in silence ye shall sleep, after sea and shore shall have been pressed by the feet of the apocalyptic angel, through the long watches of an eternal night.

SERVANTS AND HOUSEKEEPERS.

THE trouble between servants and housekeepers in this country is one of such wide-spread and growing importance, that it fairly threatens to destroy the foundations of domestic tranquillity. Complaint strikes your ear on all sides. It is rarely that two women sit talking together for half an hour without the introduction of this theme; and a solution of the difficulty is, we might almost say, never reached. A lady correspondent of the *Home Journal* has given some hints on the subject which are worthy the consideration of our countrywomen, and we give them a place in the Repository. She says:

Domestic service has fallen into disrepute—I do not mean among servants alone, but our people. Women have a vague idea of a perpetual motion in housekeeping—that they can furnish a house, put in a wheel here and there, in the shape

of a servant, set it in motion, and leave it to go of itself. I have seen it tried; so have you. But this secret of perpetual motion is not yet discovered, and till that happy time we must be contented to follow the good old rule of the apostle Paul, who was a gentleman and a scholar, as well as an apostle, and “guide the house.” Yet good women—sensible women—will say to me, “The detail of housekeeping is, to me, utter drudgery; I dislike it, I hate it.” And when experienced, practical women hold these ideas, what wonder that their daughters hold the same. But what are we to do, if not this? What is our business in life? Our husbands do their daily work, and if a man venture to say, “I hate the detail of my business—it is drudgery,” does he, therefore, neglect it? He dare not, for he suffers the consequence, and—so do we.

Housekeeping is good for women. It keeps them out of mischief; to plan and carry out the details is good exercise for the mind, and I do not find that those who despise it are occupied with any thing higher or nobler. I do not mean that, unless obliged, one should go into the drudgery of the work; but there are ten thousand little things in the department of *order* that a woman can do, with advantage to herself and her house. I could almost mourn for the good old days when this lighter service fell upon the mother and daughters as a matter of course. Exercise for the arms and chest is the kind we most need, not this everlasting walking. Pity that feather-beds have gone out of fashion, the shaking and making them was a famous exercise in calisthenics.

Young ladies are growing up ignorant of these details; they despise them, and, unfortunately, if the fit seizes them to learn something, the chief point is to know how to make nice cake or pastry. For this they will make a desperate effort, and having achieved a brilliant success or two, they stop and ask, “What more can I learn?” I would answer, “Every thing, from the foundation to the topmost stone.”

But to go back once more to our servants. They are ruined by three causes—our indulgence, severity, and neglect.

Incompetent mistresses often think they can secure faithful service by indulgence and by presents, and they turn away in despair when they find their well-meant weakness abused. We say they are extravagant—what do they but follow the current? Our women are extravagant; it is a “crying evil,” to use a cant phrase. Our houses and our furniture, which are seldom too large to live in and to use, are after the model of state apartments in European palaces. Women sweep the streets in dresses fit only for the drawing

room, and when, by some accident or carelessness, they come home bedraggled, the dresses are often, in a fit of disgust, handed over to the maid for her own use. Having one bit of cast-off finery, others follow; and she buys cheap and showy things conforming, for she has her ideas of fitness. Her fellows, who do not receive as much, follow her example, and buy all that their means will allow. Hence, many consume all their wages in dress, and are even strongly tempted to steal what they can not but covet.

So much for the evils of injudicious giving, which also leads them to expect more, and to presume more and more on these indulgences. As a general rule, it is unwise to give presents, except on some special occasion, and seldom, or never, cast-off finery. It is unsuitable, and does more harm than good.

Another inconsiderate class of mistresses err through undue severity. They may be either those who know nothing of work, and are not aware how much they require; or those who, once having worked hard, seem to revenge themselves on others, when their turn comes, as it is said that those who have been serfs make the hardest taskmasters and overseers. My heart has often ached to see those who would have labored cheerfully, borne to the earth with the amount of service required, and often the most unreasonable and unnecessary. The "law of consideration" is sadly needed in these cases.

A third class of lady employers know nothing of work, and decline all trouble, and, leading an indolent and butterfly life, their servants are left to themselves. It requires superhuman strength of principle in a servant to be faithful in such circumstances.

Does Mr. Million, down town, set his clerks afloat in his warehouses, and tell them to do their work, while he reads the last essay on political economy, or smokes his cigar at Delmonico's? I trow not; or, if he did, his business would go to the dogs, as many of our fine houses do.

Well, here we are. Every article I read goes thus far, points out the evils, and stops there, with general directions, that we must reform and do better, with the assurance that there is a good time coming. I have read them eagerly, but they have never told me what to do. Perhaps these things help public sentiment—whatever that may be—and if there is a better public sentiment, that is a good starting-point.

The common idea of a good housekeeper is incorrect. A good housekeeper is one who keeps her house in painfully-neat order; keeps a good table—that is, has loads of dainties, made in the best possible manner, so that you are sure to be tempted to eat more than you really want. She

is wrapped up in her housekeeping—is, in fact, a housekeeper, and nothing else. All of us have met these painful people; not always at their own houses—for, to them, hospitality is a painful and self-denying duty—even their best friends do so disturb the order of things. They live in slavery, and to a hard taskmaster, for this is not a clean world. If we were sure they were fit for it, what a temptation to transfer them to that world where there is "nothing that defileth!"

I have others in mind, in whom there is a total want of method—in some cases, utter carelessness and negligence. The mistress is "easy." Of course, there is a certain degree of comfort in doing as you please, but also great discomfort, through disregard of the declaration that order is heaven's first law. From dirt and disorder also deliver us; but sometimes there is this want of method, without carelessness, and then how the machinery creaks, and rubs, and grates. I remember hearing it said of one of these families, where there was no want of means or of elegancies, and no want of servants, that "it seemed to be just as much as they could do to get through with each meal." They never have good servants, for they never plan for them nor trust them. I have seen such a mistress tell a servant what to do, twice over, and then, for every five minutes, to see that she was doing it, and then go, afterward, to see that it was done. Why not do the work, at once, herself?

Going from this place to another I could name, was like suddenly rounding a point, from a rough and rolling sea, into a smooth and quiet harbor. The mistress was not perfect, the servants were not perfect, there was a large family, much work to be done, and great irregularity, but the machinery never seemed to have any friction. The servants needed much direction, and made mistakes, but no storm was raised; the mistress corrected them, and hoped they would do better next time. She was a busy woman, but without bustle, and what she did only declared itself by results. One of her visitors said she was sure things did themselves. Her movements reminded me of the man whom I have seen going quietly about in the bustle of a great railway station; people were rushing here and there, trains arriving and leaving, trunks tumbling about, self-moved; but one man went from car to car, oiling the wheels. He took, apparently, no note of what was going on, never seemed conscious of the confusion; he had his business, and it was done. Neglecting it, we should have had smoking axles, delays, stoppages, collisions; who knows? Of course, the parallel does not hold throughout, for my housekeeper was also engineer and conductor; but I honored her all the more for conducting

and regulating the train, and keeping the wheels in order, too.

"Like priest, like people," is the proverb. "Like mistress, like maid." We all know those who have very little trouble with servants, who are seldom or never at a loss; and when I find one who is ever complaining, troubled, changing, I often ask myself, "Would I be willing to live with her as a servant?" and I generally find myself answering, "No, decidedly, no; not if I could find any other place."

GATHERING SEA-SHELLS.

BY SARAH FAUSETT.

In a note to the editor, a brother of the young and gifted author of the following poem, says: "Our home and hearts are desolate, for the light has gone out. She was for a long time an invalid, and now the vacant chair, unopened portfolio, and idle pen, all tell so bitterly of our loss. But we know that she has 'gone home,' for her life of patience, hope, and trust, and calm, peaceful, happy death, robs us of all doubt, and we feel assured that she is at rest." Nothing could be more appropriate than this last poem of earth.—ED.

Down by the sandy seaside I stood one summer day,
Just as the light of sunset—the gorgeous hues of sunset—
In mellow, dreamy splendor o'er earth and ocean lay.
In calm, majestic glory before me rolled the tide,
And with the surges, sea-shells—the dainty-fashioned sea-shells—
And tangled, wandering sea-weed came drifting at my side.
They came from tropic islands, from distant sunny lands,
From out the caves of ocean—the grand, mysterious ocean—
Swept on by mighty surges along the shining sands.
How eagerly I seized them, those children of the sea,
And listened to the stories—the strange, bewitching stories—
They told in dreamy murmurs of lands unknown to me.
The sunny skies of childhood, in those sweet days of yore,
Hung o'er me as I wandered—while dreamily I wandered,
And gathered up the sea-shells that lay along the shore.
They told of hidden wonders, of glory far away;
They brought my spirit tidings—longed-for and treasured tidings—
Of lands beyond the ocean, that I might see some day.
"I long to go," I murmured; "the sea is deep and wide;
When will I see the boatman—the swift bark and the boatman—
Come o'er the sea to bear me unto the other side?"
Many the dreams I dreamed there of climes that I might reach;
Looking across the waters—the chanting, crystal waters—

And gathering up the sea-shells that lay along the beach.

The years in golden circles have rounded on since then;
Beside another ocean—a deeper, grander ocean—
I gather up the sea-shells and wait the boat again.

The sun glares fiercely downward upon this shore of life;

The way is long and weary, the sands are hot and dreary;

Discordant voices mingle, the beach is full of strife;

The ocean-waves below me with noiseless flow arise,
Still rolling on forever—in mystery forever—
While far away beyond them the land of promise lies.

Sometimes the cool sea-breezes blow o'er me full of balm;

Sometimes I see the haven—the bright, the holy haven—

Beyond the sea of darkness in perfect glory calm.

Sometimes the dainty sea-shells out of the deep sublime,
Are swept by mighty surges—the dark and silent surges—

Up from the sea eternal upon this beach of time.

So one by one I gather them up with eager hand;

I listen to their murmurs—their holy music-murmurs—

The tidings that they bring to me all of the promised land.

There dwell the loved and loving in glory evermore;

They smile; they wait to meet me; they wave their hands to greet me:

I wait the phantom vessel; I long to leave the shore.

I'm gathering up the sea-shells that drift adown by me;

I'm looking o'er the waters—the dark and mighty waters—

I'm waiting for the boatman to come across the sea.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

BY KATE R. KEENEY.

If earth were an eternal home,
How many then were sighing,
For that "last rest" to all who roam,
Yea, for the bliss of dying!
But now we deem it palls our bliss,
To give the farewell greeting,
Unthinking, if 't were not for this,
We'd lose the joy of meeting.
Ah me! the mingled care and grief,
Which haunt our pathway ever,
Where could the spirit find relief,
If they were ours forever?
Of earthly joys, the source is known;
The hand which gives, paternal;
Yet, wearied oft, our spirits own,
Thank God! they're not eternal.
In peaceful homes and halls of mirth,
Death leaves its solemn warning;
Yet o'er the darkest night of earth
There breaks a glorious morning.

HUMAN LONGEVITY.

INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS NO HINDERANCE—GOOD
HUMOR AN ELEMENT.

BY J. D. BELL.

THE last article closed in the midst of thoughts on the relation of mental exercise to health and longevity. I was about to show the reasonableness of the opinion, that even intense activity of mind is not necessarily prejudicial to tenacity of physical life. And let this be considered the point just now before us. The mind, by daily exerting itself, becomes able to exert itself more and more mightily, without injury either to itself or to its tenement. But, of course, the greater efforts of the mind should, in no instance, be continued too long at a time. All excess is followed by deleterious exhaustion. There have been persons whose intellects were to their bodies like hot fires which burn out the furnaces wherein they glow and blaze. They each possessed

"A fiery soul that, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay."

In such cases, the activity of the mind is not duly intermitted. You have, perhaps, seen some pale-faced thinker coming out of his study, and stepping a few times, in his slippers, on the surface of this great world. You can imagine how far this man would have been able to run, if, in some emergency, his life had depended on the muscles of his limbs, and on the strength of the blood-engine that he carried in his bosom. How the dark-blue veins projected on his forehead! In Tennyson phrase, he was

"So lean, his eyes were monstrous."

Probably he had long been accustomed to feel in his frail feet that peculiar sensation, as of ten thousand fine prickles coming against the flesh, which is said to be the effect of the long-continued pressure of a chair or of a bench on the sciatic nerves. What care had this little man for trees, and flowers, and brooks, and birds, and stars, save for the trees, the flowers, the brooks, the birds, and the stars of his mind? While he was walking amid the scenes of nature, his eyes were introverted. He fished not, he hunted not, except for ideal game. He was not used to climb to the summit of a high hill, and stand there, with beautiful ruddy cheeks, exulting as he filled his lungs with large breaths from the pure upper strata of the marvelous atmosphere. "How is it," you were ready to ask, "that this lean lover of science and literature knows so much, and yet does not seem to know that he is daily feeding a fire in him that is burning out his body?"

VOL. XXI.—11

Surely, mental activity, be it intense or moderate, can not but sadly abridge a man's life, unless he often suspends it and goes outdoors to put his senses, his blood, and his muscles into fresh pasture. Only let your body frequently have ample scope for restoring the vitality which your mind, in its hours of heroic exertion, drains away, and every great thought-battle you fight will seem to renew in you the health and the blitheness of youth.

I do not find that, as a class, men of severe mental application have possessed, in comparison with other classes of men, short-lived bodies. See how tenacious of life were the physical constitutions of the most eminent of the Greek philosophers! Plato looked on the days of eighty-two years. Zeno lived, it is said, one hundred and two years. Diogenes, crabbed as the old fellow was, lived ninety years. Socrates was seventy years old when he took the cup of hemlock; and, for all that we know, he might have lived a score and ten years longer, if he had consented to let his friends help him out of prison. Archimedes was seventy-five years of age when the Roman soldier pierced him through with the sword. Sophocles, the poet, when ninety years old, recited verses in public. And Pindar, the glorious Theban bard, lived eighty-four years before his fine soul flew out of his body.

See, also, the longevity of the most eminent modern thinkers! Humboldt, one of the illustrious dead of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, reached the age of ninety years. Hobbes, Voltaire, Fontenelle, Heyne, Goethe, Kepler, Halley, and the great Newton, all lived to ages ranging from eighty to one hundred. Leibnitz lived seventy years. Bolingbroke lived seventy-nine years. Our Washington Irving, with his many genial and excellent traits, which beamed out during a beautiful career, in features mellowed by long familiarity with virtue, and gentleness, and the best scenes of nature, and which also showed themselves attractively in those streams of unvitiated prose that have endeared him to the intelligent readers of two mighty continents—he lived to the calm age of seventy-seven. Hallam, Thomas De Quincey, Prescott, Professor Olmsted, Horace Mann, and Rufus Choate, all of whom died the same year which has been mentioned as that of the death of the famous Humboldt, were men of ripe longevity. Lord Macaulay had reached a high point of maturity. And see, now, how many of the distinguished thinkers of this day are men who may be said to be "full of years!" Lord Lyndhurst speaks in the English House of Lords, "of the days when he attended Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures, seventy years ago." Lord Brougham is an old man, and

yet he is able to stir his fellow-lords with energetic oratory. Lord Lansdowne, at the age of eighty, has a clear mind, and complains only of a growing deafness. Carlyle is far advanced in life. Our Emerson, at a high age, is still young and able. Our Ward Beecher is gradually ascending above the average term of human longevity. Indeed, a hundred great men, of our own country, might be named, who have for years thought and worked intensely, but yet give bright promise of lasting to points of time far above the Scriptural seventy.

Thus far, I have treated of four conditions of a long life. There is a fifth condition, of which nothing has yet been said; and, to this one, the last that is to be considered, and perhaps the most important one of all, the attention of the reader is now cordially invited. It shall be discussed under the familiar name of *joy*.

Every healthy being is joyous. The birds of summer are jubilant around us; and we know very well that they are not apt to have fits of sickness. How happy is the crow in its long life! What joy has the intrepid eagle, soaring above the jagged and "iced mountain tops!" Joyous, also, are wild ducks and wild geese, the great loon that noiselessly dives into deep waters for its prey, the strong-winged crane journeying at a dim and sublime height above us, the keen-eyed and swooping hawk, and the night-loving owl that moves softly about in the wide empire over which it holds its "ancient solitary reign." No animal lives long without joy. Put an eagle into a cage, and it soon begins to decline in health. Put a man into a cage, and he soon begins to decline in health. Every grim person is sickly. Laennec describes a certain religious institution for females in France in which the pupil was required to pursue gloomy studies, and to mortify her flesh by painful practices. That institution was, in the brief space of ten years, several times depopulated by consumption. St. Hugh, the bigoted Archbishop of Lyons, used to say that "this life is all given us for weeping and penance." It is said that, on one occasion, he recited the Lord's Prayer three hundred times in a single night! Do you not think that the brain of this joyless old fanatic must have been woefully diseased?

It can be maintained that no kind of occupation is good for a man unless it affords him joy. "Fly pleasures," said Dr. Franklin, "and they will follow you." This is appropriate advice for you only when your occupation is such that the constant pursuit of it will secure you pleasure. There are many instances in which, if a person should fly from his pleasures, the pleasures them-

selves would seem to fly full as fast the other way. You should renounce your business if it is one, which makes you continually gloomy. So every sound physician would tell you to abstain from such food as puts you in pain. You can be joyously active somewhere in life, every man can be. I like the substance of what Lord Bacon says in one of his passages touching prolongation of life. "It conduceth," he observes, "unto long life, and to the more placid motion of the spirits, which do thereby less prey [upon] and consume the juice of the body, either that men's actions be free and voluntary, that nothing be done 'invita Minerva,' [against the grain,] but 'secundum genium,' [according to the grain,] or, on the other side, that the actions of men be full of regulation and commands within themselves, for then the victory and performing of the command giveth a good disposition to the spirits, especially if there be a proceeding from degree to degree, for then the sense of the victory is the greater."

No task, in the performance of which I experience true pleasure, is hard to me. The hunter without his gun does not like to travel far on foot, but, having that, and a supply of needful ammunition, though all the time he must be solitary and silent, yet unwearying to him shall be his ten thousand footsteps in the great forest. I can not but think that a large number of invalids, suffering from curable ailments, die because their physicians do not prescribe for them adequate means of entertainment. Joy to the sick when it is possible for them to experience it is far better than doctor's stuff. Joy makes a long journey seem short. Joy makes difficult studies seem easy. Joy puts health in the place of sickness. How fades the great soldier who has exchanged the camp for the palace! Harrison and Taylor died at Washington of an excess of unpleasant occupation—the same complaint that Franklin Pierce has not quite got over yet. William Henry, Prince of Orange, was a slim, fragile-looking man, who enjoyed military life and stern sports. Macaulay has well told us how brave and how enduring he was. He disappointed the lugubrious prophecies of physicians by returning with fresh cheeks from every one of twenty fields of battle. But no sooner had he become quietly settled in the throne of England than his health began to fail him. The intrepid hero, with his bilious temperament,* could endure hardships, but not luxuri-

*Mr. Bancroft, in his excellent History of the United States, ascribes to William the Third the melancholic temperament. But I think that the characteristics of this hero were such as are more often found in connection with the bilious temperament than with any other.

ous living; severe exposures, but not royal rest. Though imparadised amid English pomps and splendors, he was constantly unhappy and inclined to illness. "He seems," says Lord Macaulay, "even to have thought the most hardy field-sports of England effeminate, and to have pined in, the Great Park of Windsor for the game which he had been used to drive to bay in the forests of Guelders—wolves, and wild boars, and huge stags with sixteen antlers."

They who live long and great lives are persons who find ineffable joy in their work. There is no real poet that is not a subject of joyous inspirations. How morbidly dull is the preacher who has no delight in his ministry! He is not a true orator to whom it is ever hard work to speak. Happy is the powerful lawyer, lightning and thundering at the bar or in the senate-chamber. Joyous is the mechanic, in whose mind play the wheels and the pistons of ideal machines. How often is this man ready to clap his hands for gladness! Patiently the philosopher pursues his investigations, turning his serene face from vain society and the scenes of the street. He is deemed joyless by scores of persons who do not see how every hour brings refreshment to him, and how his daily work keeps him young. Louis Agassiz, of Cambridge, has undoubtedly outlived several generations of New England dandies. It does not take long for a philosopher to outlive a generation of dandies. And you will let me think that many a lazy gentleman bearing the title of M. C., has died at Washington in the lifetime of young-hearted Lieutenant Maury, who finds endless entertainment while pursuing from year to year his ocean studies, the grand science of the winds and the sea. Isaac Newton lived a long life, and when you consider the astounding activity of his mind from the age of twenty-one to a point of time above seventy, you can, perhaps, vividly conceive how far his health and longevity depended on his joy. "Does Newton," asked L'Hopital, "sleep and wake like other men?" I answer, "No." His intense mental efforts would early have broken him down had he not been accustomed to go to his pillow and to rise to his task with a higher bliss than other men knew. Halley, speaking with enthusiasm of that sublime philosopher, came to such a pitch of lofty boldness as to say that "a nearer approach to the Divine nature had not been permitted to mortals."

Joyous, also, is the writer. See that master-composer living his beautiful daily life. Is he not one of the most hale and glad of men? Yes, he is happy all the day, and would be so, though misfortune should make him as poor as Scio's blind Homer. And yet should you look at him

as he spends the hours between morning and evening, you would in many of those hours see his white hand running, in obedience to his gifted and disciplined mind, along the blue lines of certain clean pages before him. But sometimes you would, perhaps, hear him whistling or singing out his joy over those pages. Haply you would at other times see him leaving his study to be merry awhile with friends or with children, and also to experience the rejuvenating beatitudes of nature. What these are he knows, though you may not. Blessed are they that frequently go forth to inhale fresh air, for they shall have healthy blood. Blessed are men of letters that frequently exercise their muscles in walking and in running, in work and in play, for they shall have strong limbs and plump bodies. Blessed are they that love brooks, and fishes, and birds, and great slumberous beasts tamed by human kindness, and meadows of soft grass, and flowers of fragrant bloom, and

"Murmurs of honey-making swarms,"

and all fructiferous vegetation, for they shall find this world a paradise of beauty and delight. Such, O, tranquil Irving! charming essayist and brilliant historian! were the beatitudes which, while thou wert not unmindful of those sweet blessings spoken by the dear and calm Jesus, thou didst remember. And long was thy life, and joyous it was, because thou wert so familiar with the good and the beautiful of those three worlds in which thou didst live—the natural world, the world of mankind, and the world within thee.

No modern instance of joy, health, and longevity realized in literary occupation has been more interesting to me than that of the sunny-eyed author whose body now sleeps near the banks of the majestic Hudson. For almost fifty-seven years Irving was a writer. And who, either of England or of America, has been a writer of so great raciness, and at the same time of so great purity? Nothing morbid, nothing misanthropic, no corrupt or irreligious thought hides under the roses of his style. All his works express his cosmopolitan urbanity and the cheerful elevation of his mind. Not long before his death he remarked to his friend Mr. Tilton that his literary employments had always been more like entertainments than tasks. "And," said he, speaking of his hours of writing, "these capricious periods of the heat and glow of composition have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found in any thing outside of the four walls of my study any enjoyment equal to sitting to my writing-desk, with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind awake."

There are various kinds of joy. The joyous feeling is one kind. The expression of this feeling is called laughter. And here it may be well to observe the important bearing which a person's treatment of his capability of joviality has on his health and life. There is little doubt that people would generally live much longer if they should properly cultivate a sportive disposition. True laughter is, in despite of all sanctimonious undervaluing of it, decidedly promotive of physical vigor. Some one has affirmed that it "shakes down the cobwebs of the brain." The great soul that often becomes intensely merry, so that it beams through the windows, and tells its pleasure through the door of its earthly house—this soul takes rank with Luther's, with Shakspeare's, and with Wesley's. Wesley's? Yes, for I find that John Wesley was not a man who thought it a sin to be jovial. Alexander Knox said that he was always the presiding mind at dinner-parties, as well by the good humor as by the good sense of his conversation, and that his countenance as well as conversation expressed an habitual gaiety of heart.*

Let it not be deemed an encouragement of levity to commend a due use of the power of laughter. I know the evil of shallow and inappropriate mirth. You need not remind me that this signifies puerility in a man and silliness in a woman. I can not think that the titter of dandies or the "ha, ha," of gossiping ladies tends to increase their gastric vitality. The person that has a little soul never laughs with heart-expanding warmth and the flush of real joy. Observe the next conceited fanatic you meet and you will find that, how full soever he may seem to be of cork, yet he can not truly laugh. There are persons with whom you could not cordially laugh, and persons who could not cordially laugh with you. When a great man is before you you are serious till he in some manner makes himself seem your equal. Great souls can not laugh with little souls, but they can laugh at them. It is pleasing to see two mirth-loving geniuses together. How their faces dazzle! How their sides shake! Let us excuse poor Charley Lamb for saying in a fit of generous rashness that "he had no higher idea of heaven than of a solitary luxury with Coleridge at the Salutation Hotel."

In his amusing story of Gulliver's Voyage to Liliput, Swift represents his hero as performing two wonders before the little strutting pigmies. Having made sign to them as he lay on his back that he wanted drink, they rolled up to him one of their largest hogsheds of wine, which he

drank off at one draught. They then rolled up to him another hogshedd, which he drank off in like manner. The Liliputians then danced with glee on his breast, and shouted, *Hekinah degul!* But what to Gulliver was the merriment of those diminutive cowards! It was probably as much to him as the levity of any group of conceited minds is to a great thinker. Gulliver is represented as having been tempted, while the pigmies were passing backward and forward on his stomach, to seize forty or fifty of them that came in his reach and dash them to the ground. And has not many a thinker often been tempted to treat in a similar manner such as could vainly laugh and wear airs of silliness during his flights of serious elequence?

Do you, now, see the difference between jovialty and levity? The former is compatible with intense mental activity, the latter indicates weakness of mind. The former is good for health, the latter is good for nothing.

But the capability of merriment should be considered as only of equal importance with many other capabilities, by the proper cultivation of which healthful joy may be supplied to the soul. I can not say here all that I might. We depend much for joy on the scope and the attention which we give to our affectional nature. Not one of us could ask to live long without human society. But how few persons are accustomed to meet and associate with their fellow-men in a manner adapted to promote in themselves true gladness of disposition! I wish there were less selfishness in men and women. I wish that all persons could honestly say, as did noble Marcus Aurelius, "I can not have any relish of a happiness that nobody shares in but myself."

In this life there are for us transports of joy, excitements in which the mind is wildly glad, gala-days of the triumphant will, a sort of exalted drunkenness which harms neither the soul nor the body. We may also experience a sweetness of life which shall be unaccompanied by intense inspiration. Ever is tranquillity the most beautiful happiness of man. This is the habitual joy of an unperplexed and remorseless mind. The thoughtful, good man experiences much of this. In every hour of wakeful repose I would be able to sit, having no dark care to throw a shadow over my soul. I should have lasting resources of comfort within me. Am I insulted? Am I ridiculed? Am I misrepresented? Am I called to suffer the rude touch of misfortune? Better will it be for me not to take into my soul from these asperities of life any element that may embitter my experience. But as the bee gets honey out of the flower of the brier or of the thistle, so should I, while wooing amid the

*See History of Methodism, by Abel Stevens.

goods which envy, or prejudice, or ill-fate thrusts at me, be able to hum tranquilly to myself, and gather and bear off goodly additions to my stock of philosophic honey. It is true I must know that suffering is for me as it is for every man. "In whatever corner of the world you are," says an Asiatic proverb, "you will have something to suffer." But, while I know this, Surely I may possess that wherewith I shall not suffer comfortless. O, tranquillity! blessed habit of calm and meditative thought, that, in a measure, arms the soul against the sting of aggressive selfishness, that soothes and heals the sensibilities when affliction has wounded them and left them bleeding, and that fills the eyes with a soft and attractive luster like that of the sun in the last hours of a summer day, this is for me! And may I not now sit or wander, experiencing somewhat of this peaceful and inestimable consciousness? Ah, serene, loving, and ever-joyous God! The gift is thine to bestow and man's to seek.

"Thy sweetness hath betrayed thee, Lord!

Dear Spirit, it is thou;
Deeper and deeper in my heart
I feel thee nestling now.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
Yes, thou wilt stay with me,
If manly thoughts and loving ways
Build but a nest for thee."

Having the fullness of the joy of tranquillity, what a man is man! No gloomy reflections disturb him. He is never exasperated. Equally great and serene, he is kind to his enemies, while he is powerful over them. Cheerfully and long he lives, and his death is like a pleasant dream.

THE WORLD'S BEST WEALTH.

O YE kind and affectionate hearts, who are not rich in wealth, but who are rich in love—and that is the world's best wealth—put this golden coin among your silver ones, and it will sanctify them! Get Christ's love shed abroad in your hearts, and your mother's love, your daughter's love, your husband's love, your wife's love, will become more sweet than ever. The love of Christ casts not out the love of relatives, but it sanctifies our loves, and makes them sweeter far. Remember the love of friends and kindred is very sweet; but all must pass away, and what will you do if you have no wealth but the wealth that fadeth, and no love but the love which dies when death shall come? O, to have the love of Christ! You can take that across the river of death with you; you can wear it as your bracelet in heaven, for his love is "strong as death and mightier than the grave."

WHY?

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Un oiseau survit à l'homme de génie, et je ne sais quel bizarre desespoir saisit le cœur, quand on a perdu ce qu'on aime, et qu'on voit le souffle de l'existence animer encore un insecte, qui se ment sur la terre, d'où le plus noble objet a disparu.

MADAME DE STAEL.

THE glad June sunshine is flooding the lawn,
And its warmth steals in at the open door;
But the room seems strangely still for a voice
That I never shall hear any more.

The rich red roses hang heavy with dew,
And the sweet purple thyme which the frost could not
kill;

And while she, who was half our world, is away,
The bird that she loved sings still.

O, strange, sad mystery! stricken and sore,
Our hearts turn for pity to Nature's sweet powers,
And we find her rejoicing—alas, alas!
Are her treasures more precious than ours?

OTWAY CURRY.

BY PHEBE CARY.

POET, whose lays our memory still
Back from the past is bringing,
Whose sweetest songs were in thy life
And never in thy singing;
For chords thy hand had scarcely touched
By death were rudely broken,
And poems, trembling on thy lip,
Alas! were never spoken.
We say thy words of hope and cheer
When hope of ours would languish,
And keep them always in our hearts
For comfort in our anguish.
And not for thee we mourn as those
Who feel by God forsaken;
We would rejoice that thou wert lent,
Nor weep that thou wert taken;
For thou didst lead us up from earth
To walk in fields elysian,
And show to us the heavenly shore
In many a raptured vision.

Thy faith was strong from earth's last trial
The spirit to deliver,
And throw a golden bridge across
Death's dark and silent river;

A bridge, where fearless thou didst pass
The stern and awful warder,
And enter with triumphant songs
Upon the heavenly border.

O, for a harp like thine to sing
The songs that are immortal;
O, for a faith like thine to cross
The everlasting portal!

Then might we tell to all the world
Redemption's wondrous story;
Go down to death as thou didst go,
And up from death to glory.

RELIEF OF FORT WAYNE IN THE WAR
OF 1812.

OLIVER'S EXPEDITION.

BY HENRY L. HOSMER.

OUR early military history is not unmarked by incidents evincive of remarkable courage. This is especially true of the Revolution. The names of Putnam, Morgan, and Marion are suggestive of all that is bold, daring, and reckless, and the events of which they were the heroes have been so often narrated that they are familiar to every school-boy in the land. The same can not be said of many of the events of the war of 1812, which were equally remarkable for the display of those high qualities that distinguished the Revolutionary heroes, and for their connection with crises in our military history, that should secure them a place upon the same undying page.

I propose, if your magazine is open for the purpose, to furnish you with a series of historico-biographical sketches, in which many incidents that have never been made public will be related, and justice be done to some of the living and to the memory of many of the deceased actors in our last struggle with Great Britain. I will write nothing for the truth of which I can not furnish competent evidence, and which a residence of twenty-five years in this part of our country, and an acquaintance with many of the old soldiers of 1812, have enabled me to collect.

The North-Western frontier, as it was called at the time war was declared in 1812, from its extent and the various exposures it presented to hostile attack, was more difficult of defense than any other portion of our country. Cast your eye upon the map and survey its extent. Commence at Mackinaw; descend Lake Huron three hundred miles to Detroit; forty miles further, on Lake Erie, at River Raisin, is Frenchtown—now Monroe—twenty miles further on the Maumee is Maumee; fifty miles up the same river is Fort Defiance; and still fifty miles further up is Fort Wayne; while from this post, at distances of about sixty miles asunder, is a line of little stockades to the Mississippi. The entire length of the frontier is about eight hundred miles, and that part of it most accessible, lying between Detroit and Fort Wayne, was skirted on the south by a forest of tropical magnitude and density, known as the Black Swamp, which was thirty miles in width, untraversed by roads, and, during most of the year, utterly impassable by reason of the level, swampy character of the soil.

When war was declared, General Hull was on

his march with an army from the interior of Ohio to Detroit. This army had been levied for the avowed purpose of protecting the frontier against the Indians, though it was believed at the time that war was inevitable. Hull marched to Detroit, and, declaring his intention to effect the military occupation of Canada, he crossed the river and encamped at Sandwich. Circumstances which have been too often detailed to need repetition, finally caused him to evacuate this position, and to return to Detroit, which place he afterward ingloriously and, as many believe, traitorously surrendered to the British, together with such part of the army as was lying at Frenchtown with supplies.

This surrender exposed the entire frontier to the hostilities of the British and their Indian allies. A few days previous to the surrender of Detroit, Hull ordered Captain Heald, then in command of Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, to abandon that post and retreat to Detroit. The occasion of its abandonment was marked by a terrible massacre of its inmates, among others of Captain Wells, of whom, if these sketches are acceptable, I propose to write hereafter. These two events coming to the knowledge of the troops assembled at Piqua, in Ohio, for the purpose of reinforcing Hull's army, they became disheartened, and, being without a commander and in a disorganized condition, remained inactive at their place of rendezvous.

Fort Wayne, a frail stockade, inclosing little more than half an acre of ground, and which had been erected for the purpose of protecting an Indian agency, was immediately invested by five or six hundred Indians. There were less than one hundred men in the garrison, and nearly one-third of the number, including the commandant, Captain Rhea, and his second in command, Lieutenant Ostrander, were on the sick list, the active duties of the command, meantime, devolving upon Lieutenant Curtis, the third officer, a young man of no experience but indomitable courage. Soon after the siege was levied, the Indians themselves, under a flag of truce, informed the commandant of the downfall of Detroit and Chicago, and of the probable arrival at an early day of a large reinforcement of British from Detroit, and also of their intention ultimately to take the fort and massacre all the inmates except the officers. The effect of this announcement can be better imagined than described, especially when we consider that the little garrison had no expectation of relief, except from their own ability to resist the attack of the besieging force. All their efforts to send a messenger through the swamp to Piqua had been resisted, and in two or three instances they had

witnessed the painful spectacle of the murder and scalping of their messenger within a short distance of their pickets. Meantime the Indians established their line of guard around the fort, and entered into all the details of a regular siege. Scarcely a day passed that some depredation was not committed, and it required all the vigilance of the little garrison to ward off a direct attack upon the sally-port. The wilderness for miles around was rendered hideous with the war-whoops of the savages, who devised innumerable stratagems to deceive and alarm the garrison; but the ever-watchful Curtis lost no opportunity to remind them of the danger of exposure, and in this way succeeded in shooting as many of their number as they had done of ours.

At this time a man by the name of William Oliver, who had established himself in business as an Indian trader at Fort Wayne previous to the war, happened to be on a visit at Cincinnati, where he heard of the surrender of Detroit and the massacre at Chicago. Filled with apprehensions for the safety of Fort Wayne, where he had left a little brother, and which also protected all his worldly estate, he traveled on foot to Piqua with the hope of inducing the Ohio troops to march to the relief of the beleaguered garrison. He found there Senators Worthington and Morrow, who were negotiating a treaty with the Indians, and, in the absence of Governor Meigs, endeavoring to organize the militia without success. Retracing his steps with all possible haste to Cincinnati, Oliver arrived there immediately after the appointment of General Harrison to the command of the Kentucky troops, and while they were crossing the Ohio. At his earnest solicitation Harrison promised to march immediately to the relief of Fort Wayne, and Oliver left him with the noble determination of conveying this intelligence to the besieged in advance of the army. Proceeding to Piqua he communicated his design to General Worthington, who agreed, if he could wait till the next morning, he would accompany him, and in the mean time would make another effort to obtain the assistance of the militia. In this he was so far successful as to induce Colonel Dunlap to volunteer with thirty-five men, Captain Spencer with his spy company of twenty-eight, Interpreter Riddle, and fourteen Shawnee Indians, all of whom placed themselves under the immediate command of General Worthington.

The distance from Piqua to Fort Wayne was about sixty miles. The road lay through an uninhabited wilderness, which for most of the distance at this time was wet and swampy from recent rains. The little company reconnoitered the country for a distance of eighteen miles the

first day, and sent back an express with a report. The next day they marched ten miles, and dispatched Colonel Dunlap with a companion to make further report. Captain Spencer with his spy company abandoned them the next morning, and that evening they encamped within twenty-four miles of the fort. The anxiety of Oliver for the safety of the garrison overcame all fear of his ability to reach it without the aid of his companions, and, selecting from the band of Indians three to accompany him, he with much difficulty persuaded General Worthington to return with the remainder of the escort to Piqua, intending himself to reach the fort at noon of the next day or perish in the effort. The three who accompanied Oliver, Logan, Captain Johnny, and Brighthorn, will furnish subjects for a future sketch, and, while they are prosecuting their perilous march, let us glance briefly at the condition of the garrison after a close siege of ten days.

The last attempt of Curtis to communicate with Ohio, made on the evening of the 28th of August, resulted in the murder by the Indians of one of the messengers, and in forcing the other two to return precipitately to the garrison. This failure destroyed all hope of relief. It only remained for the besieged to resist till surrender became the last alternative. Believing that this could be effected upon more favorable terms with civilized than savage men, they looked for an early arrival of the British army with the most intense solicitude. The Indians enjoyed their suspense, and, with characteristic ingenuity, daily invented some new form of annoyance. One day they would prepare from hollow logs a number of wooden guns, which they would load and fire, with the design of conveying the impression that they were possessed of heavy ordnance; the next, perhaps, a large band would assemble in a thicket near the pickets, seemingly for the purpose of making a united attack upon the sally-port, while a third day some equally-tantalizing, though really-harmless, enterprise would be employed to excite the fears of their intended victims. Sickness was increasing, and the stock of provisions began sensibly to diminish. The Indians had killed all the cattle in the vicinity of the fort. So close was the investment that the accidental appearance of a head above the pickets was a signal for a shot from some of the numerous fences or thickets, and in this manner several men were killed while on duty within the stockade. A constant watch, night and day, had wearied all who were capable of service, and men slept at their posts with their muskets in their hands.

On the 2d of September five of the chiefs, led by two noted warriors, Winnemac and Five

Medals, appeared before the fort with a flag of truce and were admitted. They told Curtis they had sought this interview to receive from him such terms for a surrender of the post as he was disposed to dictate, professing at the same time a desire, on the score of former friendship, to use their influence in making these terms acceptable to their men. No arrangement was effected. The chiefs withdrew, uttering threats of the summary massacre of the besieged, and personal torture of Curtis, when the post should fall into their hands. The lines of investment were drawn into a closer circle, and hostilities renewed with increased activity. Two days afterward, a little past the hour of noon, the five chiefs, bearing a flag, and accompanied by thirty young warriors, were seen emerging from the forest. Summoning Lieutenant Curtis, they intimated a desire again to enter the fort for the purpose of negotiating favorable terms of surrender. The small gate was opened for their admission, and the chiefs, preceded by Winnemac, were marching toward it around the southern angle of the fort when, suddenly, at the opposite angle, Oliver and the three Shawnese appeared before them. Had a specter risen from the grave they would not have been more astonished and confounded. Regarding the party as the advance of a more formidable force, they turned and fled with great precipitation, followed by their young men, and did not again make their appearance in the neighborhood of the fort till the following morning. The intelligence brought by Oliver revived the hopes of the little band, while his ready counsel and active coöperation invigorated the means of defense during the continuance of the siege, which, however, was brought to an abrupt termination on the morning of the 12th of September by the approach of Harrison and his army and the tumultuous dispersion of the Indians.

Oliver's arrival at the fort was as opportune for himself as for the besieged. The Indians afterward informed him that had he attempted the same errand one hour earlier, or at any time during the preceding eight days, he could not have passed their outposts without discovery. They had just ordered their entire force to abandon their stations and conceal themselves in the thickets and angles of the surrounding fences, intending, if their stratagem to gain admission was successful, to summon them by a signal to a concerted attack upon the garrison, which was to be prosecuted within and without, till all were captured or slain, the buildings burned, the pickets demolished, and the property divided. Thus by the perseverance and courage of one brave man, whose heart was in the right place, were

the lives of nearly one hundred people saved. Should this sketch be acceptable, I will continue the war experience of Major Oliver in my next by a detail of his services at Fort Meigs.

—○○—
THE HIPPOCRENE.

—
BY WAIF WOODLAND.
—

ALL day I had sought for the Hippocrene
Where the Muses drank of old,
With a fiercer zeal than the miner's feel
In their eager thirst for gold.

I had walked where the share of Hercules plowed
A channel for Peneus' flow;
Where the statue of Jupiter lifted its head
To mock at the sun's soft glow;

And stood where the baughty Olympus rose,
A stern and shadowy mount;
"For surely," I said, "the home of the gods
Must be near to the fabled fount."

And I longed, ah, me! how I longed to drink
From the Muses's haunted spring,
And catch, if it were but a single note,
Of the airs they were wont to sing;

To kneel as they on the moss-covered bank
That bordered the silvery rill;
Or, haplier yet, if I might but find
Some trace of their footprints still.

Alas! there were streams that rippled along
Their course to the Ægean Sea,
And fissures were there in the rocks so bare,
But no inspiration for me.

And so I turned with a murmuring thought—
Heaven, pardon my thanklessness—
Where little pet Nanny, the darlinest child,
Had come for her evening kiss—

A picture of beauty the world had not dared
To mar with a shadow of care:
All day I had sought with a vexing search
For something not half so fair.

Two little bare feet, like rose-tinted pearls,
Peeped out 'neath her spotless dress
Two little white arms were lifted up
In their innocent helplessness;

And a love, a beautiful, trusting love,
In her features I seemed to trace—
It was writ on the glowing lineaments
Of that little artless face.

With the quickness of magic each throbbing pulse
Of ambition was hushed to rest,
As the yielding form of the precious child
In my eager arms I pressed.

Oblivious then were my wearying thoughts,
The fountain and far-famed Greece;
For down in my heart the Muses had struck
And were singing a song of peace.

THE MISSIONARIES JUDSON.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD, A. M.

"A self-denying band, who counted not
Life dear unto them, so they might fulfill
Their ministry and save a heathen world."

I AM no hero-worshiper, according to the popular acceptance of that term, but I do confess to a most glowing, sincere admiration of the great *moral hero*—one earnestly, nobly devoted to a life of self-denial—one whose selfish ambition has become graciously subordinate to the Omnipotent law of love—one who

"Counts not
Life dear unto him, so he may fulfill
His ministry and save a dying world."

Among that glorious company of heroes of the order just named, which, in the onward march and progress of the Church militant, have been from age to age brought out more or less conspicuously before the world, none, perhaps, have won a wider sympathy, or challenged a more universal and devout admiration, or, withal, better illustrated in their virtues and successes the healing effect, the renewing, transforming power of the doctrines of Christ, than that "self-denying band"—all sainted now—Rev. Adoniram Judson and his heroic, self-sacrificing wives.

In undertaking to embody a few reflections upon the lives and character of this memorable family, it is not expected so much to add to any one's stock of knowledge in reference to the facts of their history, as at once to record my own profound sense of gratitude to Heaven for the influence of their lives upon my own heart, and impart to others, if possible, by bringing them in contact with these noble souls, the divine life with which they were inspired.

Adoniram Judson, to whom first our attention is very naturally directed, was born in Malden, Massachusetts, August 9, 1788, and educated at Brown University, Rhode Island, where in 1807 he was graduated with the first honors. Our interest in his career dates from his conversion from his skeptical tendencies—the effect of the current French infidelity—to Christianity, in consequence, it is said, of the remorseful death of an infidel friend. Behold here, then, a young man of extraordinary talents and energy, thoroughly bent upon the attainment of his own selfish ends, and withal, though himself the son of an eminent divine, drifting rapidly away amid the dark, troublous waters of a skeptical philosophy, suddenly arrested in his career by an exhibition of the inevitable issue of those princi-

ples which he had embraced, and led to meekly and sincerely inquire for a better way. The Spirit of God works powerfully upon that strong nature, and the wintery influences of French metaphysics are abated; the mists of skepticism take themselves away, and religion's tranquil star, which those mists had hitherto obscured, dawns serene and beautiful upon his mind. Amazing change! not of mere opinion, or theory, or of speculative systems, but of the whole nature, whereby the great currents of both thought and feeling are entirely shifted, the character and the life transfigured, and one is moved every way to a diviner practice and a holier life. But as yesterday he was devoted with all the earnestness of his nature to the objects of a selfish ambition. To-day these objects of pursuit are promptly dismissed, and his life becomes duly subordinate to the nobler purpose of living for others. In the spirit of this purpose he enters at once upon studies preparatory for the ministry. Hardly, however, have these studies been completed, and thoughts of a long and hopeful ministry in behalf of some devoted flock begin to be fondly cherished, when a cry, sweeping over the dark waters, smites on his ear. It was the Macedonian cry of millions sitting in darkness—"Come over and help us." Adoniram Judson promptly resolves to answer that call. Ah, kind reader, think ye that that system can have become altogether "antiquated and effete" which still hath power thus to enable a man not only to overcome the stubborn influences of pride, selfishness, worldly will, and unbelief, but to devote himself, at the sacrifice of every personal comfort and personal ambition, to the welfare of others far beyond the sea? In the strength whereof God inspires him, Judson rises superior to every temptation in his way; leaves his home and the thousand interests which cluster there; leaves his many friends who, in the Church not less than those out of it, pronounce his enterprise fatally wild and chimerical, as fraught with untold peril and disaster, and as likely to prove as fruitless in consequences for good as it was wild; forsakes all save the wife of his bosom and a few kindred spirits who accompany him, to plant the banner of the cross amid the wilds of Burmah, and herald the glad tidings of salvation through remotest heathendom. Why is it that missionaries, though in the face of certain dangers, and privations, and persecutions, and labors untold, always seem to enjoy a spiritual exaltation but seldom vouchsafed to others? Observe them as they bid a final farewell to weeping friends. It is with rejoicing and with songs of praise, with feelings strangely in contrast with what one would naturally suppose

their circumstances would inspire. Perhaps this is the legitimate fruit of total abandonment to God's service and to his protection. At any rate it is obviously his method of qualifying his forlorn messenger to cope successfully with the difficulties that await him. Thus goes Judson, exultingly, triumphantly. He has about him, in the persons of Newell, Mills, Nott, with their sainted wives, a few spirits moved by the same impulses as himself. And how shall I express myself befittingly in reference to those heroic women? From the day when she lingered about the cross upon which hung her expiring Lord till the present woman has, in every sense, been the compeer of man in declaring the humiliating doctrines of the Crucified before a gainsaying world, and in visiting with the blessings of the Gospel the perishing heathen of every nation. In the present instance the triumphs of grace are marked indeed. Youthful, accomplished, eminently calculated by nature and education not only to have enjoyed the blessings and refinements of civilized life, but to have been ornaments to it themselves, these women have thrown their all—themselves—upon the altar of their God. They have parted with parents who had watched over them in childhood and youth with the tenderest solicitude, and who had expected to derive comfort and delight from their companionship in their own decline. They have bidden a final and tearful adieu to brothers, sisters, and, withal, to those “templed shrines” where woman ever loves to worship—home. With a heroism sublime indeed, and in comparison with which all earthly ambition shrinks into positive meanness, they tear all their idols from their hearts to accompany their husbands on their mission of love and mercy to an unknown land, then to finish their lives among hostile and untutored tribes. Could Heaven ask a more glorious sacrifice?

Propitious breezes waft them to their appointed field in India. Finding themselves, however, unfortunately, highly obnoxious to the arbitrary authorities established in power there—disappointed in opportunities for immediately engaging in the mission for which their souls were all on fire, and the protection necessary for the successful prosecution of their enterprise—they turn their attention, after undergoing many hardships, to the Isle of France as the future field of their labors. Misfortunes, such as would have daunted any but the Heaven-inspired missionary, followed them there. Hardly have they set foot upon its soil when Newell is compelled to lay

“In death's cold slumber down”

the wife of his bosom—his beloved Harriet—her who had sacrificed so much, and borne him faith-

ful company here, as it were, to the ends of the earth, and that, too, ere she had been permitted to enjoy but a very remote foretaste of that joy anticipated in her labor of love.

It soon being deemed inexpedient on the part of the missionaries to establish themselves permanently there, they resolve to push their enterprise on toward some portion of India. Will they leave this desolate and unfriendly spot with any regrets? Alas! its soil has claimed all that was mortal of one of their number. Poor Newell will ever cherish an attachment for it, and tearfully turn his eyes toward its rock-bound coast. It is very pleasant—I was going to say it takes away half the sting which we feel on the loss of friends by death—to be able to visit oft and to sit down beside that spot where they lie. This sweet privilege Newell must forever forego. He surveys once more the sacred mound that covers the only woman he ever loved, and is away over the sea. His faith in God, however, hath power at length to calm the angry tumult in his breast. To those who count so much upon having all kindred dust mingle side by side in the grave, how lonely to contemplate this one solitary resting-place of the missionary on that far-distant, desolate, and unfriendly isle! But far distant though it be, Newell lived to see the grave of that young proto-martyr visited by many pilgrim feet, and her name embalmed in admiring hearts. Nor has her ministry by any means been as fruitless as its premature termination seemed to promise. On the contrary, her devotion, self-sacrifice, and martyr-death sent a throb of sympathy through the Christian world in favor of missions that had hardly been felt before. And now, we may fancy, from the realms of light, her glorified spirit surveys the glorious work which her influence, living after her, contributes to perpetuate.

We next find Judson with his “self-denying band” on the shores of Burmah, and fairly engaged in the arduous labors connected with his mission. Though buffeted by almost every variety of misfortune, and disaster, and calamity, oppressed and persecuted under circumstances which would certainly seem enough to daunt the most devoted soul and sink the brightest prospects in despair, he yet wavers not—

“Bates not a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bears on.”

He towers amid his adversities like the oak in a tempest or the ocean rock in a storm.

We see, also, his devoted wife—the indefatigable, the immortal Mrs. Ann H. Judson—constant as the “all-beholding sun;” a woman indeed in whom was united “all that was tender in conju-

gal affection, all that was elevating in female piety, all that was ennobling in female heroism, and all that was holy in Christian love." An angel from heaven could not have been more diligent, more faithful, more uncomplaining, more devoted to an elevated and beneficent purpose than was she. Whether toiling away at the legitimate objects of his mission, or sick, or in prison loaded with chains, perhaps the occupant of a filthy, noisome dungeon, or compelled to sit down with the vilest of the vile; whether bleeding from forced marches across burning sands under a tropical sun, or yet again performing some of the grievous tasks imposed upon him by his superhuman taskmasters of the Indian Government service, she follows her husband, watches by him, binds up his wounds, and administers the balm of consolation to his stricken soul. Who does not love to contemplate this woman's character, the unsearchable riches of her soul, the unconquerable fidelity with which she devotes herself at once to her husband and her God? Who, as they contemplate, can fail to grow wiser and better, fail to have their views of the possibilities of human nature and of the power of Christianity essentially exalted?

Hostilities having at length ceased between Britain and Burmah, conditions were secured by treaty to protect the missionaries in the peaceful prosecution of their labors. Thus at length was a door opened for hopefully "sowing the bright beams of Gospel truth" among the simple natives without incurring momentary danger. And Mr. Judson in due time finds his efforts crowned with some measure of success. But, alas! just as the great field was opening up to them, "white to the harvest," one great staff of support was to be taken from this indefatigable missionary. Weighed down by excessive toil and anxiety, by exposure and privation, suffering moreover from a disease which had long been preying on her vitals, the "teacher's wife" is sinking rapidly to her grave. The sands of her precious existence are almost run out. Though spared once again to breathe in freedom, her troubles have done the work of death upon her delicate frame. She is about to enter upon her rest. No friends of her distant home, not even her husband, are present to accompany her down into the valley of the shadow of approaching death. Dark forms glide around her couch—beings to whom aforesaid she had administered the bread of life. With her only child, that followed her not long after to the spirit-world, upon her bosom, and her husband still thousands of miles away, she sweetly falls asleep in Jesus. Her body, together with that of her child, reposes on the distant shore of Burmah, beneath the branches of a hopia-tree.

But who shall attempt to describe the agony that penetrates the soul of the returning husband as he first learns that his wife, the partner of his bosom and his toil, has passed away, or the pungent grief that sweeps over his soul as, upon a quiet evening immediately after his return, he steals out to her fresh-made grave and weeps? "The only reflection," says he, "that assuages the anguish of retrospection is, that she now rests far away, where no spotted-faced executioner can fill her soul with terror, where no unfeeling magistrate can extort the scanty pittance which she had preserved through every risk to sustain her fettered husband and famishing babe, and where she shall no more be exposed to lie on a bed of languishment, stung with the uncertainty of what would become of her husband and child when she was gone."

Can any skeptic now, let me ask, go and stand by the lonely grave of that missionary, then, with fancy's eye, look in upon Judson in his present desolation, and yet profess to doubt that the Gospel were just what it purports to be—the power of God unto salvation? Can any Christian do this and still despair of the Gospel—the good old Gospel—becoming yet a power in the great heart of humanity? "Results, results," cries the author of *Sartor*. And I say, behold these results, for they verily are worth more for popular and practical conviction than a thousand abstract arguments. When infidelity of whatever type or shade shall furnish us one such exponent of its capabilities as we hereby offer in behalf of Christianity, it will certainly be entitled at least to respect. Meantime the life, the self-denial practiced, the personal sacrifices made in behalf of our suffering humanity on the part of one single individual like this missionary-wife, is at once a practical and unanswerable refutation of every objection ever urged or cavil ever raised against that Gospel whose legitimate fruits these acts of good-will are.

Judson now labors on alone. Seven long years he toils on single-handed, while gradually under his hand the Bible is wrought into a tongue through which the thousands of India can receive it to their hearts. This translation of the Bible, under the untoward circumstances that hedged him about on every side, must ever remain a monument alike of his indefatigable industry, genius, and uncompromising devotion to his cause.

But at length Providence is pleased to lend him the aid and influence of another wife in the person of Mrs. Sarah Boardman, relict of the missionary Boardman, whom she had nobly borne out in his labors, and three years before laid down to rest. A woman in no wise inferior,

either as it regards talent, nobility of soul, or devotedness to the missionary work, to the first, she joins heart and hand with Mr. Judson in the prosecution of those self-denying labors to which she had many years ago most solemnly dedicated her life.

Time wears on. Success at length abundantly crowns their efforts. India is moving under the influence and power of the Gospel, and the day bids fair to come when the dusky sons of the East, no longer bowing down to wood and stone,

"Shall own Messiah's sway."

In process of time, however, Mrs. Judson's health, as well as that of Mr. Judson himself, began to fail them. Believing that a relief from that enervating climate would prove mutually beneficial, they propose a voyage to America. Accordingly, after a sojourn here now of rising thirty years, during which time they had become familiar with almost every form of vicissitude, and yet become the instruments in the hand of God of transforming a wilderness and a desert into a fruitful vineyard of the Lord, they turn their faces homeward, taking with them some of their children, and, from necessity, leaving some, whom, alas! they never saw more, as they died in that distant land long before their father returned to them again.

After being a few weeks at sea, and when off the Isle of France, Mrs. Judson's health becomes so far improved that her husband seriously contemplates returning to Burmah, and allowing her to pursue her homeward journey all alone. It was upon this occasion, and in anticipation of that separation, that, in a poem addressed to him of remarkable sweetness and beauty, she sings as follows:

"We part on this green islet, love,
Thou for the Eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
O, when to meet again?
* * * * *
Then gird thy armor on, love,
Nor faint thee by the way,
Till Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway."

And in reply to the same after her death, he says: "And so, God willing, I will yet endeavor to do; and, while her prostrate form finds repose on this rock of the sea, and her sanctified spirit finds sweeter repose on the bosom of Jesus, let me continue to toil on all my appointed days till my change, too, shall come." But to return. While Mr. Judson is making preparations for a reshipment to Burmah, his wife shows evident symptoms for the worse; upon which he determines not to leave her at all. She continues to

sink rapidly, till, when off St. Helena, she expires. Putting in immediately at that port, they were spared the dreaded necessity of committing her remains to the deep. Mr. Judson remarks that he can not but regard this circumstance as providential, little foreseeing that his own body was destined to find its tomb in its dark cavernous depths. We can imagine that the sense of utter desolation that overwhelms the soul of the poor missionary, as he stands with uncovered head by the open grave in that lonely spot, surrounded by that solemn company, made up in part of the ship's crew and a few officers of the garrison, to thank them for their kindness and services, is very akin to what he several years before had felt at Amherst when, on returning from a laborious mission, he found himself widowed indeed.

And now another of that "self-denying band" is gone. But she has left us her influence to live forever; she has left us her memory transfigured by the separation; she has left us her history, written, like that of her sainted predecessor,

"In star-fire and immortal tears."

Her epitaph beautifully reads—

"She sleeps on this rock of the ocean,
Far away from the home of her youth,
Far away from the scenes where, with heart-felt devotion,
She scattered the bright beams of truth."

Helena has not only become historic but sacred ground. Not to the common tourist alone, who makes it a prominent point of travel to survey the narrow, sea-girt isle where one of earth's mightiest sons surrendered life, has it become a place of interest, but to the Christian pilgrim, too, who would count it a rare privilege to pluck a flower or drop a tear on the turf that covers the moldering form of the "teacher's wife"—a far nobler, truer hero than he who made merely self-aggrandizement the motive to rouse into action the splendid energies of his soul.

Had Napoleon been living at this present time, and witnessed this unostentatious scene that transpired within the precincts of his exile-home, he might have repeated with even more emphasis and bitterness than when first addressed to General Bertrand these memorable words: "My army have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginians forgot Hannibal. Jesus Christ founded his empire upon love, and at this hour millions of men would die for him."

Judson, with his sorrowing children, again prosecutes his solitary journey. It requires no effort of the imagination to understand his desolate, nay, heart-rending situation. "For a few days," says he, "in the solitude of my cabin,

with my poor children crying about me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow. But the promise of the Gospel came to my relief, and Faith stretches her view to the bright world of eternal light, and anticipates a happy meeting with those beloved beings whose bodies are moldering at Amherst and St. Helena."

He soon arrives in America, is received everywhere with distinguished marks of respect and veneration, especially by his Baptist brethren in their missionary conventions in New York and Richmond. Indeed, the emotion excited by his return spreads over the whole country, and is shared more or less by every denomination of Christians. Though nominally of the Baptist connection, and laboring under the auspices and maintained by the contributions of that Church, he is universally recognized as the representative and champion of the missionary work in the East. The field in which he has been laboring was one bounded by no sectarian lines, and furnishing few occasions for cultivating denominational jealousies or sectarian prejudices; so the sympathies which gush forth on every hand in his behalf upon his return are repressed by the narrow tenets of no party or sect. Thirty years before he had gone forth almost single-handed to engage in his hazardous, his doubtful undertaking. To-day he revisits his native shores to find himself, so rapidly has the sentiment in favor of missions gained ground within this time, the guest, as it were, of the universal Church. Considering the cosmopolitan character, the truly-catholic instincts of the man, it can not seem strange that every evangelical body of Christians alike have so promptly and cordially recognized their common indebtedness to him. Such a man can hardly be claimed exclusively by any particular sect. He belongs to the whole catholic Church.

Judson remains in America about three years, recruits his health, secures another wife in the person of Miss Emily Chubbuck—popularly known as Fanny Forester—a lady of no inconsiderable literary reputation, and one who proved well qualified spiritually to be his companion. "The world admired the brilliancy of Fanny Forester. Christians love the exalted tenderness, the sanctified enthusiasm of Emily C. Judson." Together they turn their backs upon their fatherland; again he draws near to the scene of his life-long labors, to prosecute them anew till his change shall come. And this comes on apace. His health never having been fully restored, he soon falls again into a decline, which threatens to terminate in pulmonary consumption. Thinking a sea voyage might again bring relief, he

leaves his wife, herself too ill to accompany him, temporarily for that purpose. But she never saw him more. He died on ship-board, and his remains were committed to the waves. He has found an unquiet sepulcher, but, while his unconscious clay is "drifting on the shifting currents of the main," naught can ever disturb the hallowed rest of the immortal spirit. And how could he have had a more befitting monument than the blue waves that visit every coast, for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth, and included the whole human family.

His wife, now left alone with the responsibility upon her hands of providing for a large family, deems it expedient, as soon as she is able to arrange therefor, to return to her friends in America. Here, though with a broken constitution and gradually-failing health, she devotes her few remaining days to the care of her children and of her aged parents, and to her literary labors. June 1, 1854, she peacefully departs this life.

A nobler trinity of those who have devoted themselves with pure hearts fervently to the glory of God and the welfare of man than these three missionary wives has never, it may be safely affirmed, been recorded. With great earnestness and elevation of character, they united a childlike docility in the discharge of the humblest duties with the power of a lofty, self-sacrifice—with the stern, resolute bravery of the martyr, the sweet and tender devotedness, the soft and clinging affection of the true woman. Constitutionally frail and feeble, they yet exhibited an energy of purpose, a firmness of principle, a magnanimity in despising difficulty, danger, suffering, and death in accomplishing a noble end that can not but rouse into active admiration all who contemplate their glorious career. Their faithful husband and co-worker—"the missionary hero, whose toils and sufferings in pagan barbarism so nobly met and so bravely endured, have been the theme of applauding wonder from his Christian countrymen"—was eminently worthy of them. Let us embalm their memories all in one urn. Their work is all done, and the last chapter of their history* now written up. As the apostle to the Gentiles said of himself, with eminent propriety may it be said of them, "They have fought the good fight, they have kept the faith, they have finished their course. Henceforth there is laid up for them a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give them."

* Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, by A. C. Kendrick.

ROSA BONHEUR.

EDITORIAL.

EARLY STRUGGLES—INDUSTRY—HER PERSON
AND HOME BY A VISITOR.

A RECENT writer remarks: "By birth Rosa Bonheur belongs to France—by the rights of genius to the world. She is the most distinguished female painter living or dead. No other has won so wide a fame—no other built a reputation on so broad and firm a basis. Wherever art is known and talked of, Rosa Bonheur is known and talked of. In France, England, America, Germany, and the smaller kingdoms of Europe the name of Rosa Bonheur is a household word."

In this number we give our readers the best engraved likeness of her ever produced. It truthfully represents her in her chosen department of art—the department in which she has acquired her great and substantial fame. It is useless for any one to criticise the delicacy or lack of delicacy that could lead her to the choice of this special department. Genius is subject to no ordinary laws. Nay, it is its special function to burst away from the conventionalities of society which round off the sharp corners of individuality. In fact, genius is little else than strongly-developed individuality. And no one need set up for a genius unless he has fully counted the cost, and is prepared to pay it. Then, "with the help of the gods," he may hope.

Rosa Bonheur was born in Bordeaux, France, on the 16th of March, 1822. Her father was a painter of merit, but his poverty and the necessity of providing support for his family by daily labor obliged him to forego the higher departments of his art, and devote himself to giving lessons in drawing. Rosa was the eldest of four children. She made little progress in her studies when put to school, and her father at length placed her with a seamstress that she might learn to make a living by her needle. This proved so repugnant to her feelings that, after a short and unsatisfactory experiment, she was released and returned home. Her father's studio now became her favorite place of resort. Art took possession of her soul. Day after day she spent in the study of art, constantly experimenting in drawing and modeling. Now the true bent of her genius was understood, and her father afforded every advantage for its full and perfect development. Her own ardor was all-absorbing, and her application and industry equaled only by her ardor. At the Louvre, where she copied the works of the grand old masters and drank in their inspiration, she was

"the first to enter the gallery and the last to leave it." The sale of her copies of these works contributed materially to the support of the family.

Her struggles to acquire the mastery of the art to which she had consecrated her life are touchingly described by Mrs. Ellet in her "Women Artists." "Too poor to procure models, she went out daily into the country on foot in search of picturesque views and animals for sketching. With a bit of bread in her pocket, and laden with canvas and colors, or a mass of clay—for she was attracted equally toward painting and sculpture, and has shown that she would have succeeded equally in either—she used to set out very early in the morning, and, having found a site or a subject to her mind, seat herself on a bank or under a tree, and work on till dusk; coming home at nightfall, after a tramp of ten or a dozen miles, browned by sun and wind, soaked with rain or covered with mud, exhausted with fatigue, but rejoicing in the lessons the day had furnished.

"It was in the Fine Arts Exhibition of 1841 that Rosa Bonheur made her first appearance before the critical Areopagus of Paris, attracting the favorable notice both of connoisseurs and public, by two charming little groups of a goat, sheep, and rabbits. The following year she exhibited three paintings: 'Animals in a Pasture,' 'A Cow lying in a Meadow,' and 'A Horse for Sale,' which attracted still more notice, the first being especially remarkable for its exquisite rendering of the atmospheric effects of evening, and its blending of poetic sentiment with bold fidelity to fact."

From this period she has annually appeared at the exhibitions of fine arts in Paris, and also in the provincial towns of France. Each year has added to her reputation, and has also witnessed how indissolubly she is wedded to art. She is an indefatigable worker. She rises at six o'clock in the morning and paints till dusk. Then she lays aside her *blouse*, puts on a bonnet and shawl of most unfashionable appearance, and takes a turn through the neighboring streets alone, or accompanied by a favorite dog. Absorbed in her own thoughts, and unconscious of every thing around her, the first conception of a picture is frequently struck out by her in these rapid, solitary walks in the twilight.

A gossiping correspondent of the Home Journal, who visited Rosa Bonheur a year or two since, gives such a graphic description of the scene that we can not entertain our readers better or give them a better view of her character, habits, and mode of life than by copying the sketch. The writer says: "At twelve o'clock on

the 11th of March we were set down at No. 32 Rue d'Assas, and passed through a gate and down to the further end of a garden, where we entered the vestibule of a small cottage-house, the present residence of Rosa Bonheur. We sent up our card, and in a few moments were seated in her *atelier*—a large, square, oaken-furnished room on the second *étage*—talking with the little painter with as much familiarity as if we had known her all our lifetime. In a clear, rather thin voice, Rosa ran on about art and art-life for half an hour, only leaving us room to slip in the points of conversation edge-wise.

"'You have accomplished much, Mademoiselle,' we said, glancing at a large picture on the easel, called '*Les Moutons*'—The Sheep.

"'Yes,' she replied, 'I have been a faithful student since I was ten years old. I have copied no master. I have studied nature, and expressed to the best of my ability the ideas and feelings with which she has inspired me. Art is an absorbent—a tyrant. It demands heart, brain, soul, body, the entireness of its votary. Nothing less will win its highest favor. I wed art. It is my husband—my world—my life-dream—the air I breathe. I know nothing else—feel nothing else—think nothing else. My soul finds in it the most complete satisfaction.'

"'You have not married,' we said.

"'Have I not said that I married art? What could I do with any other husband? I am not fit to be a wife in the common acceptance of that term. Men must marry women who have no absorbent, no idol. The subject is painful, give me some other topic.'

"'You do n't love society,' we said.

"'Yes, I do,' she replied, with an air of impatience; 'but I select that which pleases me most. I love the society of nature, the company of horses, bulls, cows, sheep, dogs—all animals. I often have large receptions where they are the only guests. I also like the society of books and the thoughts of great minds. I like George Sand. She is a great genius. The world has wronged her—society outraged her. Go to see her. You will like her. I have no taste for general society—no interest in its frivolities. I only seek to be known through my works. If the world feel and understand them I have succeeded.'

"'Have you given the woman's rights question any attention?'

"'Woman's rights!—woman's nonsense!' she answered. 'Women should seek to establish their rights by good and great works and not by conventions. If I had got up a convention to debate the question of my ability to paint "*Mar-*

ché au Chevaux," [The Horse Fair,] for which England would pay me forty thousand francs, the decision would have been against me. I felt the power within me to paint, I cultivated it, and have produced works that have won the favorable verdicts of the great judges. I have no patience with women who ask permission to think!'

"At this moment two or three visitors entered, and, while Rosa was occupied with them, we busied ourselves by making notes of things in the *atelier*.

"On the wall to the left of the entrance was a head of a buck with long, branching horns; one of a goat, another of a bull; an imperfect skeleton of a horse, and the skins of various animals. At the further end of the room stood a large oaken case filled with stuffed birds of all sizes and descriptions, and on the top of it, in a perfect state of preservation, were an eagle, a hawk, an owl, and a parrot. On the wall, *en face* the door, were a pair of landscapes representing a storm rushing between the rocks, and clouds breaking on their tops. The third and fourth walls were taken up with the busts of horses, cows, sheep, dogs, cats, wolves, etc., in bronze and plaster, modeled by Rosa's own hand. All about the waxed floor were spread out the preserved skins of cows, bulls, stags with their great uplifted horns, and bears, goats, sheep, dogs, and wolves with their fierce eyes glaring upon us.

"The impression these wild pieces of carpeting made on us on entering the *atelier* was almost startling. It seemed more like a den of wild beasts than the *atelier* of a lady.

"After a short flirtation with the parrot, which spoke tolerable French, we took our leave promising to meet Rosa at the School of Design for Women on the next Friday, where she goes once per week to give a lesson. This school was founded by Rosa's father. At his death she became its sole mistress, but now intrusts it mostly to the care of her sister and brother. There are about fifty regular pupils who receive instruction gratis.

"Rosa Bonheur has many proofs of the reward of industry. If she wished to make a small fortune in a few days it would be easy for her to do it in England by opening there an exhibition of her pictures and sketches. '*Marché aux Chevaux*'—The Horse Fair—which was exhibited at Williams and Stephens's a year or two ago, and which was so well received by the New York press, was bought by Mr. Gamber, an English editor, for forty thousand francs. When Rosa visited England she was received like a princess.

"America also paid the last year ten thousand

dollars for a 'View in the Pyrenées'—one of her least known pictures.

"A rich Hollander, visiting her *atelier* recently, offered her a thousand crowns for a small sketch that she could have painted in two hours. 'It is impossible to comply with your request,' she said, 'I am not inspired.'

"Mademoiselle Bonheur is below the medium height of woman; in appearance about thirty-five years; *petite*, with quick, piercing blue eyes and brown hair, worn short, and parted on the side like a boy's. Her dress was a brown alpaca skirt *sans* crinoline, with a blouse jacket of black cloth. She looked very boyish.

"Mademoiselle also has an *atelier* in the country, where she spends much time. When in the city she wears the costume of her sex, but never ventures outside the barrier except in her masculine gear.

"There are many anecdotes in circulation about the little painter. One day when she returned from the country she found a messenger awaiting to announce to her the sudden illness of one of her young friends. Rosa did not wait to change her male attire, but hastened to the bedside of the young lady. In a few minutes after her arrival the doctor, who had been sent for, entered, and, seeing a young man—as he supposed from the costume—seated on the side of the bed with his arm around the neck of the sick girl, thought he was an intruder, and retreated with all possible speed. 'O, run after him! He thinks you are my lover, and has gone and left me to die!' cried the sick girl. Rosa flew down the stairs, and soon returned with the doctor, who said he did not wish to intrude.

On another occasion, Mademoiselle had tickets sent her for the theater. She had an important picture in hand, and continued at the easel till the carriage was announced. 'Yes,' said Rosa, '*je suis prête*,' and away she went to the theater *comme la*. A fine gentleman in the next box to hers looked at her in surprise, turned up his nose, affected great disgust, and went into the vestibule to seek the manager. Having found him, he went off in a rage—

"'Who is this woman in the box next to mine, in an old calico dress, covered with paint and oil? The odor is terrible. Turn her out! If you do not I will never enter your theater again. It is an insult to admit such a looking creature into the dress-circle.'

"The manager went to the box, and in a moment discovered who the offensive person was. Returning to the fine white-gloved gentleman, he informed him that the lady was no less than Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the great painter.

"'Rosa Bonheur!' he gasped. 'Who'd have thought it? Make my apology to her. I dare not enter her presence again.'

A HAPPY PEOPLE.

BY SHEELAH.

"HAPPY is that people whose God is the Lord." So sang the Psalmist three thousand years ago, and so exclaimed I as I went forth on the anniversary of our national independence, and sounds of rejoicing and triumph rose around me on every side.

At how many nations in the world's history can we point whose lower masses were cheerful and content? Some nations boasted learning, some glory, some wealth; but the most learned were "never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," the glory of the greatest was "turned into shame," and the wealthy found that their riches "profited them not in the day of wrath." The people of those nations were not happy, "the way of peace they knew not," and there remains of them no pleasing records of internal union, amity, and faith.

How many nations of the earth can now be said to enjoy happiness? Not those who are under the dark influence of infidelity, nor those who worship false gods, "the work of men's hands"—though some of them occupy the fairest regions of the globe—their lands are "full of the habitations of cruelty," and their people dwell in wretchedness.

Or are those nations happy who, professing to have light, bow to a wafer made of paste, and take for their ensamples weak and erring humanity? Not so. Selfish rulers, tyrannical laws, and conventional wrongs excite the evil passions of the people, and, while they are apparently amused with fêtes and pageants, they "have bitter envying and strife in their hearts," and anarchy and rebellion riot in their midst.

But it is our blessed privilege to belong to a people "whose God is the Lord;" to dwell in a land illumined with Gospel light; a land of Sabbaths and churches, of prayer and of praise, and "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage;" wise governors, just laws, and free institutions are our birth-right, and every age and every sect partake the glorious benefits. Then let us rejoice. Let our children shout thanksgiving, our young men and maidens gratefully exult, and our aged lift their glad voices in testimony that we are a happy people, "for the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us."

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Series.

TRUE GOODNESS AMID SOCIAL DEGENERACY.—*"Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments: and they shall walk with me in white."* Rev. iii, 4.

From this text we learn—

I. That true goodness can exist under external circumstances the most corrupt. Sardis was one of the most dissolute cities of ancient times; but here were Christians. Man is not the creature of circumstances. He may rise superior to circumstances.

II. That true greatness, wherever it exists, engages the specific attention of Christ. Christ noticed the goodness in Sardis; and why? 1. Because it is the highest manifestation of God on earth. 2. Because it is the result of his mediatorial mission. 3. Because on it depends the progress of humanity. 4. Because without it the soul can not be saved.

III. That true goodness will ultimately be distinguished by a glorious reward. "Walk with me in white." The language implies three ideas: 1. Triumph. 2. Fellowship. 3. Progress.

MAN-TRAINING FOR HEAVEN.—*"No man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth."* Rev. xiv, 3.

There are two glorious facts contained in the context: 1. That there are members of our common race in heaven. They were once in the sins and sorrows of our world, but they are now with the "Lamb," the "elders," and the "living ones," in the midst of music and splendor. To the Bible we are exclusively indebted for the knowledge of the fact. 2. That all these members of our race passed to heaven through the same necessary process. "They were redeemed from among men." One process.

I. Heaven requires his training. He must "learn the song." Man can not blend in the happy harmony of the celestial state without previous training. *Analogy* would suggest this. In the *physical* system, every being is fitted to his position: his organism is suited to his locality. These bodies of ours, as now constituted, could live in no other planet than this. In the *social* system the same principle of fitness is required. The stolid clown could not occupy the professor's chair; nor could he who is reckless concerning law, right, and order, occupy the bench of justice. It is just so in relation to heaven. To feel at home in the society of the holy, cheerfully to serve the Creator in his universe, and to be in harmony with all the laws, operations, and beings, in the holy empire, we must manifestly be invested with the same character. But what is the training necessary? 1. Not *mechanical*. Ceremonial relig-

Vol. XXI.—12

ion enjoins this. 2. Not *intellectual*. Theological training necessary, but not sufficient. It is *MORAL*—the training of the spiritual sympathies; *the soul being brought to "have faith in God," the heart being brought to say, Thy will be done.* No one "can sing the song"—blend in the harmonious action of heaven—without this. A man with corrupt sympathies could never sing in heaven; he would shriek. In the midst of happy myriads he would be alone. His darkness would conceal from him the outward sun; his inner commotions would turn for him the outward music into thunder; his inner flashes of guilt would change, for him, the God of love into "a consuming fire."

II. Redemption is the condition of his training. "Which were redeemed." The redemption here referred to is evidently that procured by the system of Christ. Revelation v, 9. The training requires something more than education: it needs emancipation—the delivering of the soul from certain feelings and forces incompatible with holiness—a deliverance from the guilt and power of evil. The grand characteristic of Christianity is, that it is a power "to redeem from all evil." No other system on earth can do this.

III. Earth is the scene of his training. "Redeemed from the earth." The brightest fact in the history of the dark world is, that it is a redemptive scene. Amid all the clouds and storms of depravity and sorrow that sweep over our path, this fact rises up before us as a bright orb that shall one day dispel all gloom and hush all tumult. Thank God, this is not a retributive, but a redemptive scene. But it should be remembered that it is not only a redemptive scene, but the only redemptive scene. There is no redemptive influence in heaven, it is not required; nor in hell—there it is needed, but never comes.

A wonderful world is this! True, it is but a spark amid the suns of the universe—a tiny leaf in the mighty forests! Let the light be quenched, and the leaf destroyed, their absence would not be felt. Still it has a moral history, the most momentous. Here Christ lived—labored—died; here millions of spirits are trained for heaven. What Marathon was to Greece, Waterloo is to Europe, and Bunker Hill is to America, this little earth is to the creation. Here the great battles of the spiritual universe are fought. "It is the Thermopylae of the universe." They who prove victorious are numbered with the "hundred and forty and four thousand."

THE SHADOW AND THE SUBSTANCE.—*"For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices which*

they offered year by year continually make the comers thereunto perfect." Heb. x, 1.

Some writers, says Jeapes, conceive that there is in this text an allusion unto the custom of painters, whose first rude or imperfect draught is termed a "shadow," or adumbration, upon which they lay afterward the lively colors, and so draw the "image" unto the life with all its lineaments. The rites of the old law were but a rough draught; but obscure and confused shadows in respect of the ordinances of the Gospel; which are a lively and express image, a distinct and perfect picture of Christ in his benefits. Thus you see that God hath respited us to live in a time of greater light and fuller revelation than the patriarchs lived under. O let us not receive so great a grace of God in vain, but walk suitably thereto! Let us improve this privilege unto the best advantage of our souls, by making use of it as an engagement into greater eminency in knowledge and piety than was in those days. O, it were a shameful and ungrateful part that the saints of the Old Testament should see farther, better, and more distinctly through the cloud of ceremonies, a light that shone in a dark place—2 Peter i, 19—than we through the clear mirror of the Gospel, in which we may with open face behold the glory of Christ shining; that their souls should thrive, grow fat and full with the shadows of the law; and ours be lank and lean with the more solid and substantial ordinances of the Gospel.

READING OF THE LAW.—"*And as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read."* Luke iv, 16.

The custom of reading the Scriptures publicly was an appointment of Moses, according to the Jews. It was also usual to stand at reading the law and the prophets. Some parts of the Old Testament were allowed to be read sitting or standing, as particularly the book of Esther. Common Israelites, as well as priests and Levites, were allowed to read the Scriptures publicly. Every Sabbath day seven persons read—a priest, a Levite, and five Israelites. And it is said to be a known custom to this day, that even an unlearned priest reads before the greatest wise man in Israel.

OLD THINGS PASSED AWAY.—"*If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new."* 2 Cor. v, 17.

"I understand," said John Sunday, the converted Indian chief, to a congregation which he was called to address at Plymouth, England, in the year 1837, "that many of you are disappointed because I have not brought my Indian dress with me. Perhaps if I had it on you would be afraid of me. Do you wish to know how I dressed when I was a pagan Indian? I will tell you. My face was covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair. I wore a blanket and leggins. I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping-knife in my belt. That was my dress then. Now do you wish to know why I wear it no longer? You will find the cause in 2 Cor. v, 17. When I became a Christian, feathers and paint 'passed away.' I gave my silver ornaments to the mission cause. Scalping-knife 'done away.' That's my tomahawk now," said he, holding up at the same time a copy of the Ten Commandments in the Ojibawa language. "Blanket 'done away.' Behold," he exclaimed

in a manner in which simplicity and dignity of character were combined, "behold all things are become new!"

OPENING OF THE UNDERSTANDING.—"*Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."* Luke xxiv, 45.

"I see," said the Rev. John Cowper, brother of the poet, "the rock upon which I once split, and see the rock of my salvation. I have peace in myself; and, if I live, I hope it will be that I may be made a messenger of peace to others. I have learned that in a moment, which I could not have learned by reading many books for many years. I have often studied these points, and studied them with great attention, but was blinded by prejudice; and, unless He who alone is worthy to unloose the seals, had opened the book, I had been blind still. Now they appear so plain, that though I am convinced no comment could ever have made me understand them, I wonder I did not see them before. Yet great as my doubts and difficulties were, they have only served to pave the way, and being solved, they make it plainer. The subjects crowd upon me faster than I can give them utterance. How plain do many texts appear, to which, after consulting all the commentaries, I could hardly affix a meaning; and now I have their true meaning without any comment at all."

A CHAINED BIBLE.—"*Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved."* John iii, 20.

A gentleman once visiting an acquaintance of his, whose conduct was as irregular as his principles were erroneous, was astonished to see a large Bible in the hall chained fast to the floor. He ventured to inquire the reason—"Sir," replied his infidel friend, "I am obliged to chain down that book to prevent its flying in my face." Such persons hate the Bible, as Ahab did Micaiah, because it never speaks good concerning them, but evil.

WASTE OF THE OINTMENT.—"*Some had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made?"* Matt. xiv, 4.

A Christian gentleman, when blamed by his commercial partner for doing so much for the cause of God, made this reply—"Your fox-hounds cost more in one year than my religion ever cost in two."

TASSO AND HIS ENEMY.—"*If a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away?"* 1 Sam. xxiv, 19.

Tasso being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy: "I wish not to plunder him," said he, "but there are things I wish to take from him; not his honor, his wealth, or his life, but his ill will."

THE TWO ARCHITECTS.—"*The high-priest rose up with his brethren the priests, and they builded."* Neh. iii, 1.

Two architects were once candidates for the building of a certain temple at Athens. The first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built. The other, who got up after him, only observed, "That what his brother had spoken he could do;" and thus he at once gained the cause. Such is the difference between the speculative and practical Christian.

Notes and Queries.

THE PARTICLE TO.—The word *to* as a preposition is used to mark the termination of a motion, influence, or act, either real or conceived, with the object before which it is placed. It is also used as a part of the infinitive form of the verb, and, with the verb, designates its action in its most unlimited sense. It must be remembered, however, that our present infinitive form does not correspond with the Saxon infinitive, but with the *gerundive* form of the verb; that *to love*, for instance, is not *lufian*, but *to lufiande*, in its original; and that while the latter form is retained with the *to* preposed, it has the use and signification of the former.

In an accidental or corrupted form, *to* is used as the demonstrative adjective *the* in such words as "*to-day*, *to-morrow*, *to-night*," in which we might substitute *the* and still express the proper meaning. "*Day*, *night*, *morrow*" are the substantives; and *to* or *the* is the adjective. So the Irish still say "*the day*," etc., as in the familiar greeting, "*How are yod the day?*" *Day* is in the objective case without a governing word, for the reason pointed out in a note on substantives used adverbially, published in the February number. Hence the manifest error in saying *the to-morrow*; for this is really *the the morrow*.

S. W. W.

NAMES OF THE WREN.—Is it not somewhat remarkable that such a little insignificant bird as the *wren* should in so many languages have received the title of *king*, or *little king*? Is this owing to the fact that one variety wears a crest? or is it because the bird, for its size, is preëminently strong voiced? I leave it to others to decide, and will content myself with subjoining a list of the names the little creature has received in the different languages with which I am more or less acquainted. Others may be able to extend this list:

Anc. Greek. Basileus, the crested wren being called *tyrannus*.

Lat. Regulus.

Fr. Roitelet.

Ital. Re di siepe—king of the hedge—reattino.

Span. Reyzeuelo—little king.

Portug. Averei—king of birds.

Germa. Zaunkönig—king of the hedge.

Dutch. Tuinkoningse—little king of the hedge.

Swed. Kungsfagel—king's bird—or Smakonung—little king.

Russ. Korolek—little king.

Polish. Krolík—little king.

Bohem. Králík—little king.

Our *wren* comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wrenna*, which is said to be akin to the German *rennen*—to run—and if so, it would be akin in meaning to the modern Greek *trochilus*, Dan. *Gferdesmutte*—slipping along the hedge—and to another German term, *Zaunschlupfer*.

As wrens are not mentioned in the Old Testament, it is not known what they were called in pure Hebrew, and with the rabbinical word I am unacquainted. In the only Arabic dictionary, too, I possess, *wren* is not down in the English-Arabic part. The Hungarians call it *ökörsem*—ox-eye.

F. C.

SIMILARITY OF SENTIMENTS.—A passage was recently published in our Notes and Queries showing a parallel passage of Burns and James I. Burns may be again quoted, for the sake of connection:

"A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that."

Here is another similar expression, from Nicholas Rowe:

"Yet Heaven, that made me honest, made me more
Than e'er a king did, when he made a lord."

Nor was "gentle Jamie" the only monarch who exhibited similarity of sentiment, in this respect, with Robert Burns. Henry the Eighth, as Allan Cunningham tells us in his *Lives of British Painters*, made this exclamation on one occasion: "By God's splendor," said he, in speaking of the court painter, "of seven peasants, I can make seven lords; but I can not make one Hans Holbein." This, then, is the chronology of the thing:

Henry VIII.....	1491—1547
James I.....	1566—1625
Nicholas Rowe.....	1673—1718
Robert Burns.....	1759—1796

CONJURE: INJURE.—Of these radically-related words, the former is well known—when accented on the second syllable—in the sense of beseech, entreat earnestly; also, when the accent is transferred to the first syllable, in the sense of playing *hocus-pocus*, "raising spirits," etc. But the latter word, nowadays at least, is recognized only with the force of hurt or damage attaching to its usage, and not as importing request or stimulus. It would seem, however, that some of our authors in days of yore adopted *injüre* as well as *conjure* in that other sense of *earnestly inviting*. One could more aptly conceive how the "conjuring of a spirit to appear" by degrees became vocally corrupted into "conjuring up a spirit" or other marvel, than tell how *injüre*, with accent moved from last to first syllable, lost entirely its intensive sense of entreaty, and retained only its *hurtful* meaning. What is the fitting solution of this case?—*Eng. Notes and Queries*.

MODES OF ADDRESSING AND CONCLUDING LETTERS.—I should say there are five gradations of concluding letters, expressive of civility, cordiality, regard, close friendship, and love. They are—obediently, faithfully, truly, sincerely, and affectionately. Each has its lower stage, in which it stands alone; its middle, with *very*; and its highest, with *most*. Certain additions, such as *humble*, *obliged*, *cordially*, *respectfully*, *gratefully*, etc., are used according to circumstances. To give no subscription except the name is either condescension, or dignified forbearance, or wounded feeling, etc., and is a very difficult weapon to use rightly. When you make out your correspondent to be a blockhead or a knave, the proper termination is "Yours, most respectfully,"

or, "Yours, with high consideration." When you wish to neutralize what follows, you say, "With truth." "Your friend" is either from a king, or from an anonymous writer who slanders your wife or your daughter. "Your sincere friend" is the proper termination to what school-boys call a *jawing* or a *rowing*. "Your admirer" is for people who can bear any thing, and are to do it. Suppose your correspondent's name to be Charles Cowper, the gradations of commencement, then, are Mr. Cowper; Sir; Dear sir; My dear sir; My dear Mr. Cowper; My dear Cowper; My dear friend; My dear Charles, etc. To dash into the subject, and then use some mode of address, as, "Many thanks, my dear sir," etc., is a figure the meaning of which depends upon the number of words which precede the words of address, and its right use is the highest art, which can not be described or communicated. None of these rules apply to love-letters, which no one can make either head or tail of or to, except the parties themselves. M.

A BREATH-TAKER.—In the following word, occupying four dactylic tetrameters and two pentameters, in Aristophanes, Ecclesiastus, the Greek proves itself as *ductile* as its whole structure renders it flexible. We have what we call *jaw-crackers*, *muscle-stretchers*, *tongue-twisters*, etc., but can our vernacular, or any other than the Greek, furnish from its classic stores a single word comprising seventy-nine syllables and upward of one hundred and seventy letters? I call it a *breath-taker*, for it is certainly a very *garrote* of a word.

It is a comic word, as might be inferred from its association, having first been used in a woman's rights convention, held in the old poet's brain and repeated on the stage of Athens more than 2,200 years ago. As to meaning, it represents a dish compounded of all the dainties of the day—fish, flesh, and fowl. But here is the word and an approximate, at least, translation:

Lepadotemachoselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimupotrimmatosilphioparaomelitokatakichumenokichlepihosseephophattoperisteralektruonoptegkephalokigkllopeleiolagoosiraibaphetraganopterugon.

Translation.—Limpetsliceofsaltfishcartilaginousfishelpoutscullremnantswithpungentseasoningasafetidawithboneypouredoveritthrustwithblackbirdwoodpigeoncushalittlechickenheadsroastedwaterwagtailringdoveharepickledinboiledwinearmpitsofbirds.

W. H. Y.

THE BEFFANA, AN ITALIAN TWELFTH NIGHT CUSTOM.—The Beffana is said to have been an old woman who was busily employed in cleaning the house when the three kings were journeying to carry the treasures to be offered to the infant Savior. On being called to see them pass by, she said she could not just then, as she was so busy sweeping the house, but she would be sure to see them as they went back. The kings, however, as is well known, returned to their own country by another way; so the old woman is supposed to be ever since in a perpetual state of looking out for their coming, something after the manner of the legend of the wandering Jew. She is said to take great interest in the welfare of young children, and particularly of their good behavior. Through most parts of Italy on the twelfth night the children are put to bed earlier than usual, and a stocking taken from each and put before the fire. In a short time there is a cry, "Ecco la Beffana!" and the children hurry out of bed and rush to

the chimney; when lo! in the stocking of each is a present, supposed to have been left by the Beffana, and proportioned in its value to the behavior of the child during the past year. If any one has been unusually rebellious and incorrigible, behold! the stocking is full of ashes. This degrading and disappointing circumstance is generally greeted by a torrent of tears, and the little rebel is then told if he or she will promise most faithfully to be better behaved for the future the stocking shall be replaced, and perhaps the Beffana may rely on the promises of amendment, and leave some little present as she comes back. Accordingly the child is put to bed again, and in a short time the cry is again raised, "Here 's the Beffana," and the child jumps up, runs to the stocking, and finds some little toy there, which of course the parents have placed there in the interim. Any misbehavior during the following year is met with, "O! you naughty child, what did you promise on Epiphany? No more presents will you get from the Beffana."

On the preceding night a sort of fair is held, consisting of the toys so to be presented, which is crowded to excess. On one occasion when I witnessed it at Rome, the soldiers were sent for to clear the way, as the people got so closely packed there was no means of getting about. The interest excited could scarcely be believed in this country.

The name Beffana is probably a corruption of Epiphania.—*Eng. Notes and Queries.*

A HEATHEN ILLUSTRATION OF A CHRISTIAN FORMULA.—"A tower of fifty cubits high," the interior of which was furnished with "a round instrument," was filled to a considerable height with *ashes*, into which the criminal was precipitated from the summit, the "instrument," or wheel, "which hanged down on every side into the ashes," continuing its suffocating revolutions till death terminated the torture. The above singular mode of Persian punishment is recorded 2 Maccabees xiii, 5-8. Though this death was awarded by a heathen tribunal to one deemed unworthy of "burial in the earth," the barbarous process employed in executing the *interdict* strangely enough reminds us of the commendatory formula in our Burial Service, "We, therefore, commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." F. P.

RELIGION ILLUSTRATED BY SCIENCE.—It has been said that chemistry and physiology vindicate the resurrection of the body against objections otherwise unanswerable; also, that the compensations and methods of nature touch upon the doctrine of future punishment and reward. These are religious truths illustrated by science. Will some one draw out the illustrations scientifically? A.

QUERIES.—Personality and Existence of Ossian.—Was there ever such a man as Ossian? or was "Ossian's Address to the Sun" written by an unknown hand, and is "Ossian" merely an assumed name? W. W. C.

Sonship of Christ.—Is it proper to apply the title Son to Christ prior to his birth by the Virgin Mary? C. L. C.

Pan-like.—In a translation from Sappho in "Old Ideas in New Words," published in the February number, occurs this word. What does it mean, and what is its derivation? R.

Boys and Girls' Department.

PLEASE BUY MY STRAWBERRIES; OR, THE LITTLE GIRL'S MISSION.—The following story originally appeared in the New York Observer. We hope many a little girl who reads it in our pages will learn its beautiful lesson:

"Please, ma'am, buy my strawberries?"

"No, child, I have my supply for the day, but come earlier to-morrow and I will buy some." The lady seemed lost in thought, and answered without raising her eyes from the needle.

Marianne lingered on the steps and looked earnestly at her as she sat with her work-table beside her in the spacious and airy hall of the beautiful cottage. The day was intensely hot, but here a cool, soft breeze stole in through the shaded rooms, and the flowers in the garden plot in front were hung with glittering water-drops from the neighboring hydrant.

Mrs. Bradford, in her white morning robe, and with her dark, glossy hair lying in soft folds over her forehead, was herself seemingly an embodiment of placid and serene repose. It was a pleasant picture, and Marianne lingered.

"How happy she must be!" thought the little sunburnt child, never dreaming that any sorrow could enter such a place, and in her inmost heart she wished that God had given her a mother and a home like that.

"Please, ma'am, may I sit down and cool myself? It looks so—so—happy here."

The voice was tearful and tremulous, and Mrs. Bradford raised her eyes to look, for the first time, upon the speaker.

"Certainly, my child, as long as you wish;" and Marianne took off her torn straw hat, and wiped her forehead, and smoothed back her moist curls, as she inhaled, with something like a sigh, a long draught of the refreshing air.

"So you think that it looks happy here; but do you know that almost every home in this world has some sorrow resting upon it?"

"No, ma'am, I did not. I thought that rich people were always happy; but I wish Lizzie and I had such a home."

"And who is Lizzie?"

"My little sister. She has had the scarlet fever, and is just getting well."

"Have you no mother?"

"No, ma'am; mother died when Lizzie was a baby, and I was too small to remember her."

"Have you no father?"

"I do n't know, ma'am. He went to Kansas, and perhaps he is dead; we do n't know."

"Who takes care of you?"

"We live with our aunt, ma'am, but she is poor, and can't do much for us with four children of her own, so I sell berries to buy bread. We do n't have much besides that and cold water, and I can't give any strawberries to sister now, because she must have bread to make her strong again."

Mrs. Bradford did not answer, and as Marianne looked up she saw that her face was buried in her hands, from which her work had fallen, and that tears were trickling from beneath them. After a pause she said in a very low voice, "Your sister will soon be well, but in that room [pointing to one which opened in the hall] is a little girl who will never, never be well again in this world."

Her lips quivered with emotion as she rose and vanished through the half-open door.

Marianne heard her speaking in a low and gentle tone, and then a feeble but very musical voice replied, "Please, mamma, let her come in for a moment."

"Are you not too weak to-day, darling?"

"No, mamma, I think not."

Marianne was summoned, and what a scene transfixed the

child as she paused within the door! It was a lovely room, shaded but not gloomy. Flowers here and there in vases filled it with fragrance, and snowy muslin curtains subdued the light. Books and beautiful gifts lying on rosewood tables, showed it to be the apartment of a much-loved child; but the object which at once attracted her gaze was the figure of the occupant. On a little couch which could be wheeled to and fro at pleasure, and beneath misty curtains of dazzling whiteness, lay a pale but beautiful girl of about twelve or thirteen years. She was almost as white as the drapery which enveloped her, and her large and dreamy eyes lent a spiritual expression to her whole countenance. The effort to raise her head caused for a moment a slight contraction of the brow as from pain, but it passed away into a smile like a momentary shadow upon moonlight. As Marianne stood motionless she extended her little pale hand.

"You do not fear me because I am ill?"

"O, no," said the child as she approached with an evident feeling of awe, as if an angel had spoken to her.

"Mamma tells me you have a little sick sister, and you gather berries to sell."

"Yes, miss, I gather them to buy us bread."

"Will you sell them to me?"

"O, yes, but your mamma said she had enough for to-day."

"So she has, but I would like these; how much are they?"

"Eighteen pence."

Quietly she put her hand beneath her pillow, and drew out a little silken purse. Counting out six shillings she put the money into the child's hand.

"There, I know you will make good use of it, and now take the strawberries to your sister, with my love."

Marianne looked at her and burst into tears.

"Do n't cry, because that would make mamma and me unhappy."

"O, you are so good."

"No, not good, only very happy and grateful when I can do a little good. You see papa is rich enough to give me every thing I want; but this money is my own, to do with as I will, so it is no great sacrifice that I make. You must not be too grateful. Come and see me again. What shall I call you?"

"Marianne."

"Lilly is not always as sick as she is now," said Mrs. Bradford; "sometimes she can sit up three or four hours a day, and then she earns this money to give away. It is her greatest pleasure."

A blush like a rose-tint passed over the cheek of the young sufferer as she said, "It would be no pleasure to me to give away that which has cost me nothing. I have been sick almost ever since I was born, but papa and mamma have spared no trouble or expense in obtaining teachers for me, and it is a privilege to use my best efforts to do the good I can. I earn in my own way this money, and give it away, because it is the only way in which I can show my gratitude to God for his mercies to me, and especially for giving me such dear parents. You see that I can not 'go about doing good,' as others can—as you can, Marianne, and every other little girl, even though she has no money. There are a thousand ways of doing good, and even though they be small, they are acceptable to God. You have begun by earning bread for your sick little sister, and that is pleasing in His sight."

And thus it was that from that little silent chamber, which parental love had filled with all pleasant images of beauty, there went forth an influence which had drawn many a little lamb into the fold of the great Shepherd, many a little child to bow before the cross of a bleeding Savior. Lilly did not know, and she will not know till she reads the record of her good deeds in heaven, that many a young sufferer in distant

parts of our land watched eagerly for the columns which appeared over her signature, and when they had read her words of sympathy, the words which led them in holy trust to the great Comforter, many little weak and trembling hands had been unconsciously outstretched, as if over the wide barrier of land, and lake, and mountain, they would grasp her hands and embrace her with a loving tenderness.

They were childish, sweet, and simple tales, but they led young children to Him who said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But now, as Marianne stood and looked upon the beauty of those large, spiritual eyes, which seemed already to be gazing far beyond the mists and vapors of earth into the clear depths of the unseen and eternal, she felt a kind of childish awe steal over her, and when Lilly extended her little white hand and laid it upon her own, she sunk down irresistibly upon her knees beside the couch, and wept from her inmost heart.

"Do n't cry, Marianne, only thank the good God who permits you to go out into his beautiful world to seek the works of his hands, to ramble in green fields, and gather flowers, and listen to the song of birds and waterfalls. I have all these in my dreams, and I will not murmur that I can not see them now. It may be that when this frail body crumbles away, I shall look down from the beautiful heaven and see for the first time the glory of this lower world. But go now, and come again to-morrow."

And on the morrow Marianne did come; again she brought strawberries, covered with their own fresh leaves, and wild flowers twined around the basket. The strawberries were accepted much to Marianne's satisfaction, who would have been wounded by any offer of payment, and this time a pretty little volume was bestowed upon each of the sisters by Lilly.

Aided by her, the sisters daily advanced in knowledge, in goodness, and in virtue, and when that pure spirit had perfectly fulfilled its mission on earth, and risen on its unseen wings into the upper world, they felt that she was still a ministering angel to their spiritual needs; that though dead, she still spoke to them, and that her voice was ever calling to them, "Come up hither."

LITTLE GEORGIE'S PRAYER.—Would it not be well for some of our little readers who stick so to it when they know they are in the wrong to pray as little Georgie did?

Little Georgie, an interesting boy of four summers, had been taught by his mother to pray, and she had often told him that to pray to God was to talk to him, and tell just what he wanted. At night after he had repeated the Lord's Prayer, he was accustomed to make a short prayer of his own, in which his childish wants were expressed in his own words. Though Georgie was generally a very good boy and loved his parents most tenderly, yet it sometimes happened that he needed correction, for, like all children, he liked to have his own way.

One day, being unwilling to yield to his mother's wishes, she was obliged to punish him, for she did not wish her little boy to grow up a wicked and unruly son. At night, when it was time for him to repeat his prayer, he could not forget his naughty actions, and, as he had been taught, he *talked* to God about it in the following manner, feeling all the while very serious, though his language was so childish: "O, Lord, bless Georgie, and make him a good boy, and do n't let him be naughty again, never, no never, because you know when he is naughty *he sticks to it so!*"

UNKIND WORDS.—How easy it is in the moment of irritation to speak unkind words even to those we love! Here is a lesson on that subject. It will do for children of maturer growth as well as younger ones to read.

"Do not use such words as those, they make my heart ache," said a mother to her children, who were disputing over some plaything. "Come here and I will tell you about

some cross words I once uttered, and which I never think of without feeling the deepest sorrow."

"Why, mamma, I hardly thought you could say any thing cross; I am sure you are always kind now."

The lady smiled sadly as she continued—"I had a sister Jane once; she was older than I was, and a very kind sister, too. Once she was taken very sick, and for a time we thought we should lose her, but at last she grew a little better, and could bear to sit up a little, or lie on the lounge, but we children had to keep very still while in her room.

"One evening I was sitting with her, and I commenced drumming on the window pane, which was my favorite amusement. Presently I heard her say, 'Please do n't do that, it makes my head ache so badly.'

"I was not often unkind to my sister, but I was in a bad humor then, and I had been during the whole afternoon, so I replied, 'O, very well, I see I'm in the way here; if I go to the parlor I can not stir, because they have company, and with you if I make the least noise your head aches,' and so saying I left the room."

Here the speaker's voice faltered as she said, "I never saw my sister any more. The next morning I started away early before she was awake to be gone for a few days. Very soon I was sent for to come home, because my sister's illness had returned, and when I reached there she was dead."

Here the mother stopped; she could say no more. Tears stood in the children's eyes, and the next moment they were locked in each other's arms, and often after that, when tempted to use harsh words, the thought that they might be among the last that they should ever utter, checked them, and then came instead that "soft answer" that turneth away wrath.

R. L. E.

A LITTLE BOY'S HAND SAVED BY PRAYER.—There is something sublime in the simple faith of childhood. Who shall say those prayers do not often avail even in what the great philosophers would call "the little matters" of life? The Bible tells us, "Make known your requests to God." Who is he that shall hinder?

More than thirty years ago a godly minister, illustrating the efficacy of prayer, related the case of a little boy with a sore hand, which had become so bad that the physicians decided it must be amputated to save the boy's life. The day was fixed for the operation. On hearing this the little boy went to a retired spot in the garden, fell on his knees, and begged God, for Jesus' sake, to save his poor hand. The next day the physician came and examined the hand, when, to the astonishment of all, it was found to be so much better that amputation was unnecessary. The hand got quite well again, the little boy grew up to be a man, and, "and," continued the minister holding up his right hand, "this unworthy hand can now be shown to you as a monument of prayer answered through Divine mercy."

WHEN WILL MOTHER BE HOME?—"When will mother be home?" cried a child, bursting into tears. "She will be home after dinner," was the reply. "After dinner! then let us eat dinner now," he returned, growing bright at the overcome difficulty.

GOD'S EYES.—George W. M., a bright little boy of four summers, being out of the house one evening with his mother and brother, says to his brother, "Pollock, do you know what 'em ar?" pointing to the stars. "I know what 'em ar." "What are they?" asked his mother. "Why, 'em ar God eyes," replied little George with all the confidence of one who had just attained the solution of a mysterious problem.

NO MEASLE-HOUSE IN HEAVEN.—Our little Cele, now four years old, has been sick several times this Winter. During the last spell she said to me, "Ma, I wish I was in the dood world." I asked her for a reason; she answered, "Tos, there I would never be sick. Dod has no measle-house in heaven for chilen to take the measles from." I told her I would like to keep her, that I loved to hear her sing. "O," said she, "I'll be a little angel there, and watch over and tate tare [take care] of you and Mattie."

Humor Drawings.

PATIENCE WITH DULL SCHOLARS.—How apt we are to be impatient with children if they do not at once comprehend what we would communicate! The following incident in the life of Dr. Arnold is suggestive not only to teachers but also to parents:

Dr. Arnold, when at Laleham, once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best I can." Years after the Doctor used to tell the story to his own children, and say, "I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten."

SPACIFICATED.—We know some spouters who never rise to speak without sending forth a deluge of incongruous though high-sounding words. The multitude listen agape as though the man was the embodiment of all wisdom and the concentration of all eloquence. Strange words have a wonderful power. A story told by a temperance lecturer is a good illustration of this fact. It runs on this wise:

An old gardener, who, notwithstanding his strong fences and his "cautions" of "spring guns," "man traps," etc., being "laid on the premises," was continually annoyed and robbed of the fruit of his labor by a lot of young urchins, who heeded not his "notices." Setting his wits to work the old man thought of the following, which he had printed in large characters, and nailed up in the most conspicuous spot: "Whoever is found trespassing in this orchard shall be *spacified*." It had the desired effect; none of the boys durst run the risk of knowing what it was to be spacified.

AN OPPORTUNE MIRACLE.—The following narration of the occurrence of an opportune miracle is somewhat ludicrous. But who, after all, can say that Providence had no hand in it?

The well-known French missionary, Father Bridaine, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away every thing he got. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of a village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak Father Bridaine rose, according to custom, and went to say his prayers at a neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty he met a beggar, who asked an alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing," said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand in his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in a paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and, seeing four crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle. He gave the money to the beggar, and hastened into the church to return thanks to God. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with the greatest unction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Bridaine, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches; he had performed a miracle with the curate's crowns.

A GEM OF ORIENTAL LITERATURE.—A beautiful gem of oriental literature is quoted by Sir William Jones from the Persian poet Sadi:

"The sandal-tree perfumes, when riven,
The ax that laid it low;
Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe."

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH PHILOLOGY.—Philology is an inexhaustible source of amusing quirks and turns. The following is to the point:

The witty Scotch advocate, Harry Erskine, on one occasion, pleading in London before the House of Lords, had occasion to speak of certain curators, and pronounced the word, as in Scotland, with the accent on the first syllable, curators. One of the English Judges could not stand this, and cried out, "We are in the habit of saying curator in this country, Mr. Erskine, following the analogy of the Latin language, in which, as you are aware, the penultimate syllable is long."

"I thank your lordship very much," was Erskine's reply. "We are weak enough in Scotland to think that in pronouncing the word curator we follow the analogy of the English language. But I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a senator and so great an orator as your lordship."

LIVING UPON FLATTERY.—We can commend the following for its sense if not for its poetry:

"It is a maxim of the schools
That flattery is the food of fools,
And whose likes such airy meat
Will soon have nothing else to eat."

HOW TO RUIN YOUR HEALTH.—We do not know that any of our readers wish to know how to ruin their health; but if they do we will accommodate them with specific and infallible rules, so that they may do it by system:

1. Sleep in bed late.
2. Eat hot suppers.
3. Turn day into night.
4. Never mind about wet feet.
5. Have half a dozen doctors.
6. Try all the new quacks.
7. If they don't kill quack yourself.
8. Wear unseasonable clothing.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S EARLY TRAINING.—An English letter thus speaks of the excellent early training of the Queen of England:

The mother of Queen Victoria often took her when a small girl into the hovels of the poor and sick, and thus taught her to sympathize with the heirs of poverty. Childhood is more sympathetic and tender than age. Train it to love the good, to pity the suffering, and help the needy. Send your children with presents to the poor. Give the poor a chance to talk with them. When collections are to be made for missions give them money that they can give for themselves. In this respect parents are often at fault. They give for their children, but this will not affect their experience in the least. Give a child a penny, a shilling, a dollar, tell it of the breadless poor, of the millions that have no Savior, and its own heart will at once respond with the money.

OF WHAT IS HE AUTHOR.—The poverty of authors and their financial unreliability has been proverbial from the age of "Grub-Street" down to the present. The following is a new method of turning authorship to advantage:

A young scapegrace, who had seen out a fortune and fallen into bad habits, took up his residence in a country village, pretending to be an author. His shabby appearance was, therefore, accounted for; and, as his address was good, and

marks of personal beauty remained, many a romantic village maid sighed over the "cruel fate of genius." Sighs would not pay his landlord's bill, and when a month had expired he was dunned in good earnest. At length the landlord told him he never saw any of his productions, and wished to know what work he had been the author of. Being thus pushed, he replied, "Why, sir, I call myself an author, and so I am—the author of my own misfortunes."

THE CRACKED-KETTLE LAWSUIT OUTDONE.—Every school-boy, and every school-girl, too, remembers the old lawsuit about the cracked kettle, when the defense was, 1. That the defendant returned the kettle whole; 2. That it was cracked when he borrowed it; and, 3. That he never had it. The following defense, in quaint absurdity, goes so far beyond that its inventor is certainly entitled to that symbol of triumph—"the hat."

A fat old gentleman was bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the office of the Justice of the Peace, and preferred a complaint against a joker in the neighborhood, whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The following was the defense offered on trial by the wag: 1. By testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a calf. 2. He is blind, and can not see to bite. 3. Even if he could see to bite it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness. 4. Granting his eyes to be good, he has no teeth. 5. My dog died six weeks ago. 6. I never had a dog!

THE DANDY TAKEN DOWN.—That singular species of piped, ycleped "dandy," finds little favor in this cold, unsympathizing world of ours. None tolerate him except silly girls and brainless women. They worship him:

Randolph, the celebrated orator and statesman, was in a tavern lying on a sofa in the parlor, waiting for a stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the room with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and, standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing awhile he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him, "Has the stage come?"

"Stage, sir! stage!" said the fop, "I've nothing to do with it, sir!"

"O, I beg your pardon," said Randolph, quietly, "I thought you were the driver!"

LOVER'S VOWS AND SIGHS.—Dame Partington often surprises us, and gives point to a very homely suggestion by the quaint garb in which she clothes it. Thus she counsels her niece:

Do n't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs; let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a tarnation, and eyes like an asterisk, but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart.

THE BODY AND THE SOUL; OR, TWO SIDES TO THE STORY.—Some exalt "a complete physical manhood" as the necessary basis of a great and noble life. The following, which we clip from an exchange, beautifully illustrates the "two sides" of this story:

"Most truly did Theodore Sedgwick say that it is the man of robust and enduring constitution, of elastic nerve, of comprehensive digestion who does the great work of life. It is Scott with his manly form. It is Brougham with his superhuman powers of physical endurance. It is Franklin, at the age of seventy, camping out on his way to arouse the Canadians, as our hardest boys of twenty now camp out in the Adirondack or on the Miramichi. It is Napoleon, sleeping

four hours, and on horseback twenty. It is Washington, with his splendid frame and physical strength."

Why not say, it is Paul, "in bodily presence weak." It is Timothy, with his "often infirmities." It is Baxter, never robust, never a well man. It is the blind Milton. It is Johnson, bravely carrying through life the weight of a diseased and suffering body. It is Channing, with his frail clay tenement. It is the pale Amos Lawrence, scrupulously weighing from day to day the slight morsels of coarse bread which alone his debilitated system allowed him to eat. It is Adolphe Monod, uttering on his death-bed and under the pressure of torturing disease, words that shall be a power among men in distant lands and in other generations.

A sound body is a good thing—a blessing to be thankful for and to be preserved; but history is full of the triumphs of the soul over all physical obstacles, including those of weak and shattered frames. If robust health has its advantages, so has the want of it; if there is disability to a certain extent and in a certain form with the latter, the former is beset with its peculiar temptations, and strong men rush to destruction with no sense of their responsibilities. Of what use is a good body, except as the dwelling-place of a better soul? What soul, purified, cultivated, filled with the love of Christ, ever failed to shine like a star, and to be a blessing among men, whatever might be the condition of the clod of earth enveloping it? And who does not see that this excellence belongs to a higher and better sphere than Scott's, or Brougham's, or Napoleon's, or Franklin's?

GOING TO FILL HIS PLACE.—There is a whole volume of instruction in the following paragraph. It is taken from Dr. L. Pierce's sketch of the late Rev. Reddick Pierce:

My brother was more utterly deaf than any one I ever knew. For many years he never heard any thing that was said in preaching, but he always attended. Many years ago at a camp meeting, near Charleston, seeing him, in great weakness, go to the stand at every hour, I said to him, "Brother, why do you weary yourself to go every time to the stand, seeing you can not hear a word?" To which he replied in his own emphatic way, "I go to fill my place, as every good man ought."

THE FIGURES IN THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S.—The following description is a striking illustration of the oft-quoted verse of Campbell:

"'T is distance lends enchantment to the view."

The angels and other statuary, with which the dome of St. Peter's—in Rome—is ornamented, seen at the distance of four hundred feet from the pavement below, represent the most lovely images that the imagination of man has ever conceived. Heavenly, divine, are the terms applied to them. When examined near by all is changed. Huge monsters, with great glaring eyes and distorted features, are staring you in the face, and almost frighten you with their hideousness. The skill of the artist consists in being able to produce beauty from the distance at which they are generally viewed.

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—Some of our young readers may like to try the following curious experiment, which we find described in an exchange:

Place on a sheet of white paper a piece of blue silk, about four inches in diameter, in the sunshine; cover the center of this with a piece of yellow silk about three inches in diameter, and the center of this with a piece of pink silk about two inches in diameter, and the center of the pink silk again cover with another circle of green silk, with a circle of indigo about half an inch in diameter; in the center of the whole make a dot with a pen. Then look steadily for a minute on this central spot, and closing your eyes, hold your hand about an inch distant before them, and you will appear to see the most beautiful circle of colors that imagination can conceive, which colors will appear not only different from the colors of the silk, but will keep perpetually changing.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

ENGLAND'S SUPPLY OF COTTON.—Those who have asserted that "cotton is king," have generally taken it for granted that its empire can be no where else than in the Southern portion of the United States. Upon this point a few facts from the "Third Annual Report of the British Cotton-Supply Association" are worthy of attention. The sources of England's supply, at different periods, have been as follows:

	1850—lbs.	1857—lbs.
United States.....	493,153,112	654,758,048
Brazil.....	30,299,982	29,910,832
Egyptian.....	18,931,414	24,842,144
West Indies.....	228,913	1,443,568
East Indies.....	118,872,742	250,338,144
All other places.....	2,090,698	7,986,160
Total.....	669,576,861	969,318,896

From this we see that in 1850 *seventy-four hundredths* of England's supply of cotton came from the United States; seven years later, or in 1857, the proportion was only a little over *sixty-seven hundredths*.

This, then, is the result. The ratio has been changing against the Cotton States annually, at the rate of *one per cent*. This ratio has undoubtedly increased since 1857, and must still further increase. During the same period the supply from India went up from 118,000,000 to 250,000,000, or more than double. During the past few years also the cultivation of cotton has been introduced with success at different points in Western Africa. Beginnings have been made at Sierra Leone, Sherbro, in Liberia and along the Gold-Coast, at Accra, Cape Coast Castle, Elmina, Benin, Old Calabar and the Cameroone, and at Lagos. At Accra and Cape Coast Castle are agricultural societies which make cotton culture their speciality. A great quantity of cotton is raised in the adjacent countries. The Accra Agricultural Society have engaged with a Lincolnshire firm to purchase this cotton, which they buy in the seed at less than a cent a pound. This cotton, cleaned, is worth in Liverpool fourteen cents a pound.

From the interior an agent of the association reports that a large export trade will soon be realized, and that he found 70,000 people busy in its growing, spinning, and weaving. The prospect is, that in the numerous towns which stand the coast, cotton marts will soon be established and furnish a large quantity. Along the line of the River Niger it is proposed to establish trading stations. It is reported that immense quantities which can be bought for six cents clean, on the Niger, are worth sixteen cents in Liverpool.

Southern and Eastern Africa, the Fiji Islands, and Australia also give large promise in the line of cotton cultivation. Its cultivation has also been introduced with success into Asia Minor, the island of Cyprus, and several other places. Egypt alone, it is expected, will soon produce not less than 240,000,000 pounds; and one-half the area of the Fiji Islands is capable of producing 1,000,000,000 pounds annually. In Africa and the East Indies over 300,000,000 are waiting employment which the cotton cultivation may yet give them. In all these regions free labor is both cheap and abundant—cheaper, in fact, than slave labor can ever be

made, at least without the reopening of the African slave-trade. In the light of these facts, no one can fail to see that the time is not remote when the Cotton States will no longer enjoy a monopoly in the production of cotton.

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—In our January number some statistics of the New York Sunday School Union were printed, and inadvertently credited to the American Sunday School Union. The New York society is a local, city institution, and does not even extend into the state; while its figures have nothing to do with the national society. We give below a statistical summary of the American Sunday School Union:

New schools organized directly by missionaries where none previously existed.....	2,091
Teachers pledging themselves to conduct these schools.....	14,225
Children enrolled at the time of organization.....	83,278
Schools visited and aided by the missionaries.....	3,701
Teachers laboring in these schools.....	30,355
Scholars in attendance.....	215,168
Whole number of schools organized and aided.....	5,792
Whole number of teachers.....	44,580
“ “ scholars.....	298,446
Volumes of religious books supplied to these schools directly by the missionaries, about.....	224,000
Making, in 18mo pages, more than.....	29,000,000

NEW YORK AND THE SLAVE STATES.—It is sometimes true that "comparisons are odious." The comparisons following, the items of which are compiled by the Evening Post, are exceedingly suggestive. We have put them in tabular form:

	New York.	Slave States.
Area, in miles.....	47,000	856,448
Population in 1850—white.....	3,048,325	6,184,477
“ “ colored.....	49,069	3,448,502
Total.....	3,097,394	9,612,979
Manufacturing—capital.....	\$99,904,405	\$95,022,879
“ “ mechanics.....	199,349	161,733
“ “ products.....	\$27,597,249	\$165,414,027
Bank capital.....	\$111,884,992	\$124,831,345
Post-office—receipts.....	\$1,553,680	\$1,936,166
“ “ expenses.....	\$1,107,187	\$5,947,074
Number pupils in public schools.....	675,221	581,861
Volumes in public libraries.....	1,760,829	649,577
Copies of periodicals.....	115,385,472	81,038,693
Whites not able to read—native.....	23,241	493,026
“ “ “ foreign.....	68,052	19,856
Total.....	91,293	512,882
Votes in 1850.....	597,389	1,090,246
Electors.....	35	112
Value of churches.....	\$67,773,477	\$21,675,581
Contributed for Bible cause.....	\$123,386	68,125
Cash value of farms.....	\$576,631,568	\$1,183,995,274

GOVERNMENT PAYING FOR LIBERATING SLAVES.—We notice a proposition going the rounds of the papers for the Government to buy out all the slaves in Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana.

The number of slaves in the above-named States was, by the census of 1850, as follows:

Delaware.....	2,300
Maryland.....	90,000
Missouri.....	87,000
Arkansas.....	47,000
Texas.....	58,000
Louisiana.....	244,000
Total.....	523,300

Since 1850 there has been a great decrease in slaves in Delaware, Maryland, and Missouri, and an increase

in the other States. The total number at present can not be less than 600,000. It is estimated at Washington that their purchase by the Government would not cost more than \$100,000,000, or less than \$200 for each slave, including, of course, both sexes and all ages. Even if two hundred millions or three hundred millions were the price agreed upon, it would be cheap in comparison to the money cost of civil war, to say nothing of the other than pecuniary losses which war involves.

DISTINGUISHED DEAD.—The *King of Prussia* died on January 2d, at his palace near Berlin. He was born in 1795, and on the death of his father in 1840 ascended the throne. He commenced his reign by granting his subjects a more liberal constitution; and in 1848, when the revolutionary panic extended into Germany, he placed himself at the head of the liberal party. From this position he was forced to retreat, and immediately he became a reactionist, exposing himself to the popular ill-will. During the Crimean War he remained neutral, and thereby subjected himself to much adverse criticism. For the last two or three years he was insane, and his kingdom administered by his brother as regent, who now succeeds him as king.

Lola Montez died on the 17th of January, near New York, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. She was born in Ireland of a Spanish lady, married to an officer in the English army named Gilbert. She was christened Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna. Her public career commenced on the London stage, from which she traveled through Europe, and at Paris acquired a taste for politics. In Bavaria she attracted the attention of the King, and was created Countess of Lansfeldt. She obtained great control in the Government, and used her power wisely, and always on the side of popular liberty; but the Jesuits and nobility, whose influence she was abridging, turned against her, and she was compelled to leave the country. After residing some time in Paris and London she came to this country. She was married several times, but knew very little of the sanctity of the marriage vow. For some time she had been very ill, and not long since professed the heartiest penitence for the manner in which her life had been spent. A few weeks before she died Dr. Hawks was asked to call on her, and did so. He found her with the Bible open to the story of the Magdalen, and she expressed to her visitor her sincere anxiety in regard to her future welfare. At the same time she was hopeful. "I can forget my French, my German, my every thing," she said, "but I can not forget Christ."

Professor *Charles W. Hackley*, of Columbia College, and Dr. *Henry Anthon*, of the Episcopal Church in New York, also died in January. The former is well known by his mathematical works, and the latter by his being a champion in the Puseyite controversy a few years ago.

REV. HENRY BOEHM is an extraordinary man. He is in his eighty-sixth year. A New York correspondent of the *North Carolina Advocate* says that he is in the full enjoyment of his faculties. His sermons are clear, short, and excellent. "He is one of the best Methodist chronologists in the Church; the traveling companion of Asbury; he is also the best Methodist conversational historian I know; his dates and facts correct, and always to be relied on." It is to be hoped that this aged servant of Christ will write out his recollections of As-

bury, and prepare full memoirs of his own life and times.

HOSPITAL IN JERUSALEM.—A private letter from Jerusalem states that an American Jew at New Orleans has bequeathed £10,000 for the building and endowment of alms-houses for infirm and destitute Israelites in the Holy City.

STATUE TO LORD MACAULAY.—A statue to the late Lord Macaulay in Trinity College, Cambridge, is to be erected by the members of that College.

PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER POPE.—A full-length portrait of Alexander Pope, seated in an arm-chair, with a lady in the background reaching down a book from a shelf, has recently been added to the London National Portrait Gallery.

WHITE GUNPOWDER.—White gunpowder has been invented in England. It is made of prussiate of potassa, chlorid of potassium, loaf sugar, crystallized sugar, and brimstone. It has been patented.

PURCHASE OF FLORIDA.—Florida was ceded to the United States by Spain about forty years ago, in consideration of the sum of \$5,000,000. The cost of the Seminole war was \$35,000,000 and the lives of 62 officers and 1,420 privates, besides 19 officers and 830 privates wounded. The whole valuation of the State is only \$49,000,000, and yet her people complain of being maltreated by the General Government.

GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE.—Persons in the habit of noticing buildings in the imitation of the Grecian style have seen that all failed to have a perfect resemblance, that there was something lacking. The church of the *Madelaine*, at Paris, built without regard to expense, but with the sole desire of making a perfect imitation of a Grecian temple, had the same apparent defects. The foundation seems to be sinking in the middle, and the columns seem to be out of place. By accident, while examining the ruins of Athens, an English architect had discovered that the lines of the foundation were not horizontal and the columns not perpendicular. A close examination by others had revealed the fact that a horizontal line continued to a great length has the appearance of a curve, and that a perpendicular line seems to bend outward. To overcome this they inclined the columns toward each other and made the horizontal lines of the foundation and the architrave somewhat curved, thus applying the rules of mathematics and showing that they must have been acquainted with conic sections.

PARIS NEWSPAPERS.—Paris possesses at present 503 newspapers; forty-two of these, as treating of politics and national economy, have to deposit a security in the hands of the Government; 460 are devoted to art, science, literature, industry, commerce, and agriculture. The most ancient of the latter is the *Journal des Savans*. It dates from the year 1665.

LIBRARY OF YALE COLLEGE.—In 1700 Yale library contained only forty volumes; in 1766, 4,000; in 1835, 10,000, and in 1860, 38,000. Added to this last number, society, law, and medical libraries, in the same building, make a total of 67,000 volumes under the care of the College. There are also about 7,000 unbound pamphlets.

Library Notices.

(1.) *ULAH AND OTHER POEMS.* By Amanda T. Jones. 12mo. 309 pp. Buffalo: H. H. Otis.—The first and by far the longest of these poems is the Indian legend of "The Starved Rock," versified in five cantos. From the poem we take a fragment to convey at once an idea of the legend, and also of the style in which our author has wrought it into verse.

"There towers a rock in the far West,
Whose hapless history is guessed—
A story sweet as Summer gale,
Yet mournful as an Autumn wail.

Each mossy crevice drips with tears
Through all the sunny, laughing years,
As if its flinty heart were wrung
With fears untold and woes unsung.

Through all the day delirious calls
Sink to the ground in fitful falls;
Through all the night strange shadows fly,
And spectral faces glimmer by.

It may be but the songs of birds,
That seem to drop below in words;
It may be but the firs' unrest,
Or moonbeams glancing from its breast;

But, still, beside it, sudden dread
Will turn aside the bravest head;
And, still, the heart, with hurried beat,
Quickens the fall of passing feet.

List to the tale. A dying race
Claims for its legends kindly place.
Let the heart-throb of olden time
Pulse onward through the veins of rhyme.

And if the voice, that in your ear
Sings this wild tale of love and fear,
Be weak, unmusical, forgive;
But let the simple story live."

Some of the minor poems in this volume possess great merit—have the ring of the true poetic metal. We bid our fair contributor a pleasant voyage on the sea of authorship.

(2.) *WRINKLES FROM THE BROW OF EXPERIENCE. AND OTHER POEMS* By James Woodmansee, author of "The Closing Scene." 12mo. 180 pp. Cin.: 1860.—Here we find "wrinkles" in general, "wisdom" wrinkles, "folly" wrinkles, and various other "wrinkles." Among these wrinkles is one wrinkle that wrinkles "the body."

"The body is soul's prison-house of clay—
A shadow, flitting from the smile of day
Autumnal-landscapes' Eden-painted smiles,
When icy Winter comes, are turned to wilds;
So, soul's frail tenement! its life-god fled,
It fades—pales—falls to dust, and man is—dead."

Then there is another wrinkle that wrinkles the Earth after the following style:

"This Earth is but a hollow globe
For all to ring, and see
What Solomon sighed out to find—
An empty vanity."

We are not fully apprised of the difference between an "empty vanity" and a full one. Alas, for our lack of understanding! There is something, however, besides wrinkles in this book. After a little the "Brow of Experience" becomes smooth, and no more wrinkles appear to the close of the volume. As a further specimen of the easy versification and elevated style, take the second stanza from "The Milk Maid:"

"Her white foot was the snowflake's fall,
While on to barnyard speeding,
With childish jollity and glee,
For milk and for feeding;
'Hay, hay, for old Muly,' she said,
And clumb the tall haystack,
When poor, hungry Muly bawl'd out
At lots and gobs I' the rack."

Mr. Woodmansee is not a poet. Nature never designed him for one. Art can not make one out of him. This may seem unkind, but we can not show him a greater kindness.

(3.) *LEAVES THAT NEVER FADE; or, Records of Divine Teaching and Help.* New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a miniature volume, adapted to the closet, and a help to meditation. Price, 25 cents.

(4.) *MY HOLIDAY GIFT*—published by the same—is a compilation of songs, stories, and sketches for boys and girls. The work has thirteen illustrations, and is printed on tinted paper. Price, 75 cents.

(5.) *THE JESSIE BOOKS*—by the same publishers—make one of the neatest little series for girls we have seen. It consists of—1. Jessie Ross. 2. Jessie Says So. 3. Jessie's Golden Rule. 4. Jessie's Place. 5. Jessie a Pilgrim. The volumes are put up in a neat pasteboard box. Price, \$1.75 net for set.

(6.) *THE METHODIST QUARTERLY* has entered upon its forty-third volume with fresh life and vigor. Dr. Whedon leaves nothing to be desired in its editorial management. We should be greatly obliged to the publishers for an earlier copy.

(7.) *RUDIMENTS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE; or, Hints on the Application of Logic.* By G. J. Holyoake. With an Essay on Sacred Eloquence, by Henry Rogers. Revised by Rev. L. D. Barrows, D. D. 12mo. 230 pp. 75 cents. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is not a treatise upon rhetoric or elocution, but upon public speaking in the broadest sense of that term. Its publication at this time is opportune. Dr. Barrows has done a good work in bringing it forth. His introduction to it is a valuable paper. The study of this book on the part of our young preachers will contribute largely to the effectiveness of their ministry.

(8.) *THE ELEMENTS OF LOGIC, Adapted to the Capacity of Younger Students, and Designed for Academies and the Higher Classes of Common Schools.* By Charles K. True, D. D. Published as above.—Dr. True adopts

the general principles of Whately. His work is compact, and we have no doubt well adapted to its design. We fear, however, that in some of his definitions and discriminations there is an overplus of logical acumen. For instance, take the first definition in the book: "Logic is the science of inference." Nine out of every ten students would be perplexed rather than enlightened, unless the definition itself had been defined. How much better the simple statement, "Logic is the science of reasoning!" We commend the volume, however, to educators.

(9.) JOURNAL OF HESTER ANN ROGERS. 16mo. 276 pp. Price, 45 cents.—This is one of the books that ought to be read largely. It would nurture the faith of God's people, and call forth their activity.

(10.) THE LIFE OF TRUST; *being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller, written by himself. Edited and condensed by Rev. H. Lincoln Wayland.* Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 12mo. 476 pp.—Several years since a translation of the life of Stilling, a German pietist, was published in this country, and was well received. Its exhibition of genuine piety and unaffected faith recommended it especially to the religious public, while its simple and picturesque narrative rendered it acceptable to all classes. George Müller resembles Stilling in his strong faith, his child-like trust, his singular character, and the useful result of his labors. He founded the Orphan House at Bristol, England, and relied for its support upon the voluntary contributions of the friends whom he drew around him, and whose hearts and purses seemed to be open for him in direct answer to prayer. A judicious critic says: "The story of his experience, and the methods by which his wants were re-

lieved or anticipated, reads like that of a continuous miracle." The whole narrative, indeed, is full of the evidences of deep-toned piety, a godly and devout spirit, and an unwavering confidence in God. The lesson which it teaches is the value of prayer, and it can not fail to strengthen the faint-hearted and to quicken the faith of many who are ready to perish.

(11.) THE BLENNERHASSETT PAPERS: *including the Private Journal, Correspondence, and a Memoir of Blennerhassett.* By William H. Safford. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.—This work, which was noticed at some length in the January number, is now ready for distribution among the subscribers, and will be placed in their hands by agents. The last actor, and almost the last prosecuting witness in that romantic tragedy, has now perished, and their history is written up for the judgment of posterity. It is scarcely necessary to add any thing to the former notice with regard to the contents of the volume, and we need only to say that it is a beautiful specimen of typography, press-work, and binding, and will compare favorably with the best productions of eastern publishing-houses. It is a stout 8vo of nearly 700 pages, and is sold for \$2.50.

(12.) PAMPHLETS.—1. Minutes of the Wisconsin Conference, 1860. 2. Twenty-Fourth Report of the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind. 3. Report of the Ohio State Asylum for the Education of Idiotic and Imbecile Youth. 4. Report of the Indiana Hospital for the Insane. 5. Report of the Indiana Institution for the Education of the Blind. 6. A Fast-Day Sermon. By Rev. James S. Smart, Flint, Mich. The author strikes at the root of our national troubles. 7. Fast-Day Address of Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, at Washington City. We are indebted to the author for a copy of this address.

New York Literary Correspondence.

The Religious Periodical Press—New York Observer—The Evangelist—The Independent—The Intelligencer—The Examiner—The Churchman—The Protestant Churchman—The Christian Advocate and Journal—The Methodist Newspaper Press.

THREE months ago I sat down to write to you, intending to occupy my "correspondence" with a discussion of the religious newspaper press of the country, and especially the newspapers of Methodism. But beginning with certain general remarks, which I meant should be only preliminary, respecting the secular press of this city, I became so far occupied with that subject that I got no further. I propose now to return to the subject, confining my remarks, first to the principal religious journals of this city, and next to give a general survey of the Methodist newspaper press.

The employment of the art of printing as a means of religious enlightenment and culture, has always had an important place among the movements of Protestantism; for as that system steadily appeals to private judgment, it of course seeks to plead its cause at the bar of public opinion. For this cause it also uses the vulgar tongue, even in its learned treatises, and for the better adapting them to the public use the size of its volumes has been diminished, and their numbers and frequency of issue increased. For special cases the occasional pamphlet was formerly the medium of access to the public; and this at length grew into the periodical magazine, of which the modern quarterly review is a noble sub-species, occupying an elevated position in the commonwealth of letters.

By whom the design was first conceived and reduced to practice, of making the ephemeral newspaper a religious agency, is a comparatively-unimportant inquiry; the times demanded it, and its realization depended on no accident. The name of Nathaniel Willis—father of N. P. W. and Fanny Fern—is sometimes mentioned as the publisher of the first religious newspaper in this country—though the claim of priority is not universally conceded to him. The origin of the religious paper as an "institution" dates from the earlier—but not the earliest—years of the present century, and it, therefore, is now but little more than forty years old. At first the demand for such an agency was attempted to be met by individual enterprise, but the business soon passed under the direction of ecclesiastical bodies. In Europe the religious press has always been chiefly in the hands of individuals; but with us it is very generally subject to ecclesiastical influence, and often owned and controlled by Church authorities. Nearly all our American quarterly reviews are denominational, or the representatives of more minute religious or doctrinal subdivisions, and so are our few religious monthlies; and our religious newspapers proper are nearly all strictly denominational organs. Whether this state of the case is for the best I will not attempt to answer; that it exercises great influence reciprocally upon the religious press of the country, and upon the thought and teachings of the Church, can not be doubted.

Prominent among the religious newspapers of the country, both in age and ability, is the *New York Observer*. The Pres-

byterian Church has always relied largely upon the diffusion of wholesome religious information as a means of religious instruction and culture; it accordingly, at an early day, availed itself of the aid of the periodical press. The Observer was originated nearly forty years ago as the organ of the then undivided Presbyterian Church in America. From the beginning the character it assumed corresponded to its position. It was stately, dignified, and dogmatical, assuming superior intelligence and a monopoly of orthodoxy; it was impatient of contradiction and intolerant of dissent. And these traits, though somewhat modified by some rather hard experience, are still sufficiently characteristic of the journal as it now is to identify it with its former self. The vicissitudes of the denomination have had their influence on the tone and character of the organ; and as it has in all cases adhered to the "straitest sect," so its original peculiarities have been intensified rather than mitigated. When its Church was divided into two distinct bodies relative to certain "new measures," it adhered to the *old school*, and became especially the advocate of doctrinal and ecclesiastical conservatism. And as modern conservatism is decidedly retrogressive, so has this venerable journal fallen into a kind of moral paralysis as to most of the live questions of the times, of which it uniformly takes the South-side view. It is still conducted with very considerable editorial ability, and no necessary expense is spared upon its material arrangements. It has for several years been a double sheet—one-half secular and the other religious—in the latter of which only religious affairs are treated, while in the former public interests are also discussed "gingerly." It has a wide, though I fancy not a very large circulation, and is a "power" in the nation.

The same causes which divided the Presbyterian Church also called into being a second Presbyterian paper in New York city, to serve as the organ of the "New School" party. This was originated the *Evangelist*, whose character and position were determined by the causes that gave it being. Its Calvinism is moderate; its bearing toward outsiders tolerant and courteous, and it has a kind of natural proclivity toward all forms of "progress." It has always displayed a good share of vivacity—more formerly than latterly—as well as of real ability, and so has both deserved and enjoyed a fair proportion of the public favor. Recent changes in its own denomination, and in other related bodies, have probably operated against it, though it is still, as ever, a valuable and ably-conducted sheet.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago the Congregational Churches of this city and vicinity began to put forth efforts for a better defined denominational co-operation and propagandism. Among the early fruits of that movement was the establishment of a denominational paper—the *Independent*—which dates from the year 1849. It was projected by individuals, and established by a joint-stock company, and conducted editorially by a number of eminent Congregational ministers. The paper was from the first very much like its projectors and godfathers, intensely denominational and yet catholic, on the progressive side of all live issues, into which it enters freely, and especially decided and outspoken against slavery; of a doubtful theological status, yet virtually right as to both the experimental and the practical aspects of Christianity. The eminent success which it has achieved against most discouraging conditions, renders its history especially noteworthy. When it was projected there seemed to be no vacant field for it to occupy. The Congregationalists in New England were supplied with their own local organs, and those of other parts were too few to support a first-class paper, and most of these would naturally prefer a paper from their denominational father-land; and the *Evangelist* was also acknowledged as in some sense their organ. But the *Independent*, acting out its own name, asked nobody's leave to be, but thrust itself before the public and asked, or rather demanded, only the opportunity to try its hand. Twelve years have passed over it, and to-day its circulation is probably larger than that of any other religious weekly in the world, and its influence at least proportionably great. The causes which have produced all this may be expressed in two words—**STRENGTH** and **BOLDNESS**; and these have been used alike in the publishing and

the editorial department. First, a sufficient amount of money was appropriated to the enterprise to carry it forward efficiently, and then a powerful editorial corps was enlisted, and the strength so accumulated has been employed with a boldness that seems to border on hardihood. The writers for this paper have been proverbial for saying in most unmistakable terms what they think and for an almost absolute want of respect for venerable abuses and prescriptively-respectable wrongs. That they have not made a fault of a virtue in this I will not declare, though that is not the side upon which men are most likely to err. They have dared to be true to their convictions, and by this they have commanded respect even when they have failed to convince, and mankind are usually tolerant of error if joined to frankness—they also instinctively love truthfulness of character and conduct. But probably the manner in which the publishing department is managed has most to do with the success of the enterprise. Practically adopting the proverb, that "money makes the mare go," the money power is liberally used both in procuring matter for the paper and in promoting its circulation. The contributors are chosen by the editors from among the ablest writers in the country, and of various denominations, and a price rendered for their services which seems to recognize their value, and to confess that "the laborer is worthy of his hire;" while thousands of dollars are annually distributed in premiums for new subscribers. A sermon by H. W. Beecher in each issue for more than a year past has no doubt added greatly to its circulation, though it might not be safe for another paper to attempt the issuing of that style of productions. Whatever Beecher attempts succeeds; for what of all his faults so long as his good qualities are still largely in the ascendancy?

I had purposed to write of the *Christian Intelligencer*, the staid, conservative, and able organ of the Reformed Dutch Church—and of the *Examiner*, our clever and enterprising Baptist paper—and of the two Churchmen—the one the Purseyite organ of the Church, and, therefore, self-styled *The Churchman*, able, arrogant, and unscrupulous—and the other the mouthpiece of the evangelical party among our Episcopalians, and choosing to be recognized as not of Rome, and so called the *PROTESTANT Churchman*—a valuable family paper. But I fear my space will be too much occupied, and so I pass them by to make room for the Methodist press.

The history of the Methodist newspaper is full of lively interest. The earliest attempts in that direction were made by individuals in New England, but not much was accomplished till the Book Agents at New York, in the fall of 1820, issued the first number of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*. I recently examined the second number of that paper, dated "Saturday, Sept. 16, 1826," published by N. Bangs and J. Emory—B. Badger, editor; a folio, with five columns to each page, and the whole sheet only a little larger than one of the four leaves of the paper as now issued. Those were the days of small things in Church papers, whether the breadth of the sheet, or the style of the matter, or the circulation is taken into the account. The publication was approved by the ensuing General Conference—1828—and Nathan Bangs appointed editor; and from that time the *ADVOCATE* has been an "institution" of the Church, and is now the first-born of a numerous family. Its editorial "tripod" has been occupied consecutively by Drs. Bangs, Durbin, Luckey, Bond—two terms—Peck, Bond—third term—Stevens, and Dr. Thomson, the present incumbent. The Church's estimate of the importance of its chief organ is indicated by the class of persons who have been chosen to direct it, and it is quite safe to affirm that for the last third of a century no other single agency has so largely affected the interests of American Methodism. Before many years after the first issue of the *Advocate*, the need of a Methodist paper for the West began to be felt, and measures designed to meet that want resulted in the establishment of the *Western Christian Advocate*, at Cincinnati, in the Spring of 1834. Of this paper Rev. T. A. Morris—now Bishop—was the first editor. From 1836 to 1848, and again from 1852 to 1856, it was under the editorial control of Dr. Charles Elliott; Dr. Simpson—now Bishop—had it from 1848 to 1852, and Rev. Dr. Kingsley has been its editor since 1856. These papers

were established and sustained by the regular authorities of the Church, instead of by individuals, partly because the enterprise was not sufficiently hopeful to attract capital to it, and partly from a desire to have so important an agency under the immediate supervision of the legitimate authorities of the Church. It seems likewise to have been the policy of the Church to not only provide a general medium of communication for itself in its denominational extent, but also to provide for its local requirements in all parts of its territory. Accordingly, before the division of the body in 1844, papers had been established at Richmond, Charleston, and Nashville, and either before or since that time others have been set up at Auburn, New York, Pittsburg, Chicago, and St. Louis—and one each in California and Oregon. Zion's Herald, at Boston, though informally recognized as a regular Church paper, is not owned by or subject to the direction of the General Conference.

The Methodist newspaper press is, at least theoretically, more strictly ecclesiastical than that of most other religious bodies—and more so than that of the English Methodists. One result of this policy has been to secure the continuance and final success of all the papers which have been projected, since they are all peculiarly sustained by the "Book Concern;" and as a denominational enterprise each one appeals to the loyalty of the ministers and members of the Church in its particular locality for a generous support. A further result is the fact now pretty well ascertained, that the number of Methodist newspapers circulated in the country very largely exceeds those of any other denomination. But the fact especially worthy of attention is, that by this arrangement the denominational press is brought directly under the supervision of the regularly-constituted Church authorities, both as property and as a means of instruction, and as advocates of opinions and measures. Such an arrangement, it might be apprehended, would be unfriendly to the development of the degree of independence and individual enterprise requisite for the successful prosecution of such a work; but the facts have not altogether justified such an apprehension.

The frequent changes of editors which have occurred with some of these papers—and especially with the great central organ at New York, which, with a single exception, has changed every four years—has no doubt operated disadvantageously. As a result the individuality of its editor has not usually been very prominent, and especially has the influence of the paper upon the non-Methodistic world been dwarfed by it. Under its first regularly-appointed editor—Dr. Bangs—the paper was simply the organ through which he spoke—and his voice was then potential in Methodism—and the paper was the more valuable on account of this clearly-developed individuality. The same was the case, though in a very different form, during the first and second terms of the incumbency of Dr. Bond, when the paper reached its highest influence over the mind of the denomination, and came to be recognized as a power by the "rest of mankind." Dr. Stevens brought to the office a greater share of literary ability than had before been used in it, but the times were not propitious, and even his friends confess that his administration of its affairs was not especially successful—though good judges say that under his management the Christian Advocate and Journal was a better family paper than it had formerly been. But following the prescriptive rule of rotation, the last General Conference gave it a new editor, of whom the Church expects very much, while the condition of things demands large improvements as the only alternative for a disastrous failure.

The Western Christian Advocate was intended to hold the same relation to the Church in the West that was occupied by the New York paper in the East. During the greater part of its existence it was under the direction of the venerable Dr. Elliott, than whom Western Methodism has had no more able and faithful advocate. He was truly the man for the place and the times, and no doubt he has contributed largely to the influences which have fixed the character and the status of Methodism in the North-West. But the changes of affairs brought new requirements to the editorial office, and the substitution of another editor was probably called for when Dr.

Simpson took charge of that paper in 1848. Certainly then it immediately assumed an advanced position in religious journalism, and evinced the presence of a mind having broad and comprehensive views of the nature and wants of the work. Of all the religious weeklies that come steadily under my eye, there are very few with whose "making up" I am better pleased than with that of the Western Christian Advocate. The editor needs and deserves more help in the preparation of original matter.

Of the more local papers of the Church I can say but very little for want of space; but the importance both real and relative of the North-Western, at Chicago, demands for it a passing remark. It was commenced about ten years ago, and was then shaped and endowed with character by the gifted, erratic, and too soon lamented J. V. Watson; of whom it may be said that while the position developed his unsuspected greatness, he in return threw all that greatness into his position. Since his untimely decease the paper has been happily served by one who possesses in a good degree some of the best qualities of his predecessor. As Chicago is evidently destined to become the great Methodist center for the North-West—a region which is probably to be the imperial quarter of Methodism—the character of the organ at that place is a matter of no secondary interest; and in few other particulars have the friends of the Church greater occasion for mutual gratulations than respecting the ability and capabilities of the North-Western Christian Advocate.

Zion's Herald, though not formally an "official" Methodist paper, has always been the actual organ of New England Methodism, and within its sphere it has exerted a very great and salutary influence. For a time the position of Methodism in that region was peculiar and full of peril, and during a large part of that time Zion's Herald, under the hand of Abel Stevens, was the organ of that portion of the Church in those parts who were at once loyal to its government and yet opposed to its administration respecting certain warmly-contested points of ethics and Church polity. Its position was both delicate and difficult, and apparently the only hope of Methodism in New England at that time lay in the course taken by that paper. And as the result of its influence not only has the Church been preserved and greatly strengthened in those parts, but its policy has become the prevailing one in the councils of the entire Church. Of the other official *Advocates* I have no room to say anything.

The history of the non-official Methodist newspaper press is both interesting and instructive. From the time that it became the fashion to provide every public interest with a special "organ," a succession of "opposition" Methodist papers have appeared. The great "Radical" controversy of 1824-8 had its "Mutual Rights;" and ten years later New England Methodist abolitionism produced "Zion's Watchman." Quite recently our border pro-slaveryism originated the Baltimore Christian Advocate, and about the same time an unhappy local difficulty gave rise to the *Northern Independent*. The last and the most considerable of this class is *The Methodist*, which, on account of its respectability and that of its supporters, must not be treated as other "irregulars" have been. However widely these papers may have differed in some things, there is a remarkable similarity in the course taken by nearly all of them. At first they were loud in their professions of loyalty to the Church and its constituted authorities, in which they were probably sincere; and at length most of them have become openly disloyal—so difficult is it for those who give themselves to the service of faction to resist its evil tendencies. The want of success of these papers, so far as the test of time has tried them, is also worthy of attention, especially by those who propose to follow in like unpromising enterprises.

The conduct of a religious newspaper is now a very different affair from what it was only a few years ago, when a single person, aided by an office boy, constituted an adequate editorial force. The spirit of the age has no where else more forcibly displayed itself than in the preparation of these transient sheets, which seem indeed to be attracting to themselves a large portion of the available talent of the religious public. Their increase in size and improvement in materials and

workmanship are apparent to all—and the elevation of the tone and character of their matter is equally obvious to any who are capable of estimating such things. But the cost of these improvements, in money and labor, is not generally even suspected. It is now pretty well understood that no single editor can write the requisite amount and variety of original matter for one of them, and the employment of contributing editors is the rule with nearly all of them. Amateur writers sometimes offer very good pieces, which the editor-in-chief is glad to insert; but it has come to be understood that this class of productions can not be relied on, and on the whole they probably cost a good deal more than they are worth. After some little inquiry I have ascertained that the weekly expenses for the editorial department of at least one of the religious weeklies of this city—The Independent—amount to very little less than two hundred dollars—the Ob-

server perhaps costs as much. "The Methodist" probably costs nearly three-quarters as much, which is considerably above the expense of any of the "official" Methodist papers. The Methodist press never before presented so promising an aspect as it has now assumed. The large improvement made at the beginning of the present year in the publishing departments of nearly all of them were called for by the advanced character of these papers as public religious journals, and by the increasing intelligence and appreciation of their readers. Whether it will be possible to maintain them at the requisite elevation, without increasing the price of subscription, is a question yet to be tested; and if not, the price should be advanced rather than the character of the issues depreciated.

But I find, dear editor, that I have again miscalculated my power of compression, and so must dismiss the subject, omitting much that I intended to write.

Editor's Talk.

OUR PROSPECTS.—We never had more occasion for thankfulness to God our Heavenly Father, and to the friends of the Repository, than at this moment. A fearful stagnation of business, growing out of the political troubles of the country, is felt every-where. The nation is convulsed. A party in the Church, following the example of South Carolina, is in full blast for secession also. In spite of all, however, we have stood our ground, and bid fair to have the *largest increase* to our subscription list ever realized in any one year before. At Cincinnati and Chicago the subscription lists show an increase of about *six thousand* over the corresponding date last year. We have not yet definite returns from New York and Boston; but trust we shall have an increase at both those points. The publishers are now issuing 40,000, with a prospect of going still beyond that. Before the General Conference of 1864 we hope to reach 50,000 at least. A little extra effort even now in every charge, though it should procure but two or three from each, would, in the aggregate, swell our list several thousand. Brethren, shall it not be done? Speak to that person who has not renewed his subscription. Speak to that neighbor who ought to become a subscriber. Remember that *one* from each preacher will give us *six thousand* new subscribers.

THE EDITOR INSTALLED.—A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers stating that the editor of the Repository "has been installed as pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati." When we first saw it, our editorial eye underwent an unconscious dilatation. We looked around to see whether we were really in the old editorial sanctum or elsewhere. Having satisfied ourself as to the point of *locality*, the next difficulty related to that of *personal identity*. All know that this is a very puzzling philosophical question. We applied all the tests our recollection of school-boy lessons on the subject could summon to our aid. "This is certainly the editor's office," we said; "but am I myself, or am I, somebody else? That's the question. And if somebody else, then who?" Reader, did you ever get puzzled trying to make out who you were?

But before this meets your eye, the editor will have been, like a great many who have been "installed"

before him, "unstalled." To Methodists the above, probably, needs no explanation; but to others it may not be amiss to state that the report has no other foundation than that the editor consented, at the request of the presiding elder and the official board, to fill for a few weeks a pulpit which had been left suddenly vacant.

BAD PENMANSHIP.—If some of our correspondents knew what trials they impose on the eyes of the editor as well as his patience, they would try to write a little plainer and better hand. If some of them should happen to see the expression on the face of our compositors at the very appearance of their manuscripts they would "blush to their ears." To all such we read the following opinion of Niebuhr, the Roman historian, about bad writing, and beg them to read, mark, and inwardly digest:

A bad handwriting ought never to be forgiven, it is shameful indolence; indeed, sending a badly-written letter to a fellow-creature is as impudent an act as I know of. Can there be any thing more unpleasant than to open a letter which at once shows that it will require long deciphering? Besides, the effect of the letter is gone if we must spell it. Strange we carefully avoid troubling other people even with trifles, or to appear before them in dress which shows negligence or carelessness, and yet nothing is thought of giving the disagreeable trouble of reading a badly-written letter. Good breeding requires writing well and legibly.

RELATION OF GOOD PENMANSHIP TO GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.—A mischievous wight, peering over our shoulders, has the impudence to suggest that a young lady's handwriting may be regarded as an index to her general character. He insinuates that your ragged, daubing, slouchy writers will most likely show the same character in their dress and general appearance. "And," the fellow adds, with great emphasis, "you may be sure that their housekeeping will be of just the same character if any man should be so unfortunate as to lift them into matrimony." The fellow is rather impudent, and merits the rebuff we are just going to give him. Wonder whether his wife do n't write a poor hand, and whether he does not speak from home observation. But—young ladies, old—no, beg pardon, we did n't mean that—married ladies—our poor eyes will thank you if you will prepare your manuscripts

a little better. Our composers will "second the motion." We are not certain, however, that it will "carry." The vote is with our contributors.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—"The Silver Lining" has been some time on hand; it is a pleasing sketch, and but for a little looseness in the composition, might have found place in our columns. The author of "Death of the King's First Born" has a taste for writing, but needs experience. "The Two Ways" has some excellent thoughts, but the allegory—which, by the way, is the most difficult kind of composition—is not well sustained. "The Smile" will not do. "Character" evinces decided talent, but there is hardly life enough in the first part. The narrative portion of "The Founders of Serampore Mission" is much better than the introduction, in which the sentences are involved. "Confession"—a poem—bears too near a resemblance to a hymn in the Methodist collection; and "Rain Upon the Roof" too near a resemblance to Coates Kinney's poem on the same subject. "Shady Side" is called, by our critic, a "rat-trap" article. "Utility of Parties" does not take for its scale a very elevated grade of social party.

The following poems we must add to the above list: Of Such as These is Heaven; Immortality; Awake Thou that Sleepest; The Dream of Life; A New-Year's Wish; Communing with Waves; Thinking; Lucia in Heaven; A Winter Picture; Penitential; Changes; Voice of the Harvester; Answered; Friendship; She is not Dead but Sleeps.

We might have given place to the following had we not so large a supply, namely: Voices of the Spring; Looking Backward; The Disciples at Emmaus; The Faithful Minister; November; Memory; Little Mariette. Better success to their respective authors the next time they take up the lyre.

POEMS ON OUR SUSPENDED LIST.—The following poems are on file, but their publication is doubtful, namely: Unequally Yoked; The Beautiful Maniac; Missionary Hymn; Christ at Prayer; Come Unto Me; Never Give Up; Beyond the Storm; The Bequest; Death; Hope Ever; The Good Shepherd; Nothing was Made in Vain; Clara Bell; The Two Trees; The Angel of My Childhood; Rosa Bower; Child-Warbled Hymn; Midnight Reverie; Going Home; The Wife's Last Words; Electa; Winter Twilight; The Two Little Orphans; Early Friends; Tekel; The Soul's Address to the Body; Words of Affection; Love Your Mother; All Things are Just; Hang up the Harp; Sacrifice; The Woodland Shade; A Prayer; My Savior; Passing; Over the River; The Conflict of Life; Shadows on the Wall; The Spirit's Guide; A Day's Lesson; Life's Word; Gleanings in the Bower; Resignation; Death's Warnings; My Childhood's Home; Wasting Away; Down Life's Stream; Mother Nature; A Phantasy; Time; Spirit Visitants; What is Life; The Ohio and its Source; Fading Flowers; The Dying Missionary; A Dirge for Dog-Days; Harp of Soul; Proud Miriam.

SUPPORT MYSELF BY WRITING.—A correspondent writing to us, says:

The labor in which I am engaged, affording but a small remuneration, if I could lighten the burden a little in this way, it would be an inexpressible relief. Will you please tell me if you think I could partially support myself by writing?

Do n't attempt any such thing. Do n't think of it. Turn rather to any honest employment; go into the kitchen, the factory, bind shoes, stand behind the counter, learn a trade and work at it; but never think of literary labors as a means of "getting a living;" never! No sphere of labor is more richly freighted with promise as seen by the eye of hope; none more deeply freighted with sad, soul-blighting disappointment.

A POET'S GREETING.—The subjoined scrap was laid on our table. It is dated at "Hazel Valley." Would our readers like to know about "Hazel Valley?" Wait for the coming of our April number:

TO ELIHU MASON MORSE, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir,—I have read your "Thirty," in the February number of the Ladies' Repository, about a dozen times. I reach out my hand to you and say, "Poet." You say, "Adieu, O thirty years!" and insinuate that you have been used rather roughly by the aforesaid thirty years. You also hint that you are about to marry "a rosy, radiant angel." Do n't do any thing of the kind. You had better marry a woman. The result of my thirty years' observation is, that women make much better wives than angels.

Very respectfully, T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD.
Hazel Valley, February, 1861.

OUR WEEKLIES have made a grand advance in all that constitutes a paper of the very first grade. The Christian Advocate and Journal looks splendidly in its octavo form. In sprightliness, force, and variety—though the mother of a large family—it is as young as ever. If any have been led, from mistaken notions, to discontinue it, theirs is the folly, and theirs will be the loss. The Western is "as large as her mother," and certainly not one whit inferior in beauty of appearance. Close behind follows the granddaughter of the first-named venerable matron, the North-Western, which has also assumed the quarto form, and rejoices in a greatly-extended subscription list. Zion's Herald has also expanded till it has reached the size of the large sheet of the Christian Advocate and Journal of last year. It is ably and successfully edited by Dr. Haven. We rejoice in these signs of substantial prosperity. No stronger evidence of the inherent vitality of Methodism need be demanded, than such results realized in the midst of the almost universal depression of the commercial and financial affairs of the country. They are evidence also of the sound attachment of her members to the Church, and their determination to sustain her accredited organs. Experience attests the wisdom of our Church policy in this line. It will be a sad day when it is broken up.

HOME AGAIN.—To the sensitive heart there is no joy like that of revisiting home. Returning from the restless billows of life's ocean, what wonder is it that the sailor pauses on the hill's brow, and looks down upon the peaceful vale before him! For there stands the paternal mansion; there first trod his childish feet; there points its spire the little church where he was baptized; there still reside the aged ones, of whose declining years he is the solace; about him are the scenes of his young sports and earliest adventures; to him

Upsprings at every step to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and fostered here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.





Engraved according to art of engraving in the Year 1840 by P. W. & H. H. in the Clerk's Office in the Southern District of New York.

EVENING ON THE CONNECTICUT.

Engraved by W. W. Wallcut from the original Painting by A. D. Shattuck in the possession of the Artist.



REV. HENRY SLUICER, D.D.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LAMBS REPOSITORY